



# Collier's

## CHRISTMAS

### 1911



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NEWS-STAND EDITION

DRAWN BY E. STETSON CRAWFORD

VOL XLVIII NO 13

Price 25 Cents

DECEMBER 16 1911

# No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

## With Winter Treads, if Wanted

Now comes this invention.

A double-thick tread of very tough rubber, made to be actually skidding-proof.

Not mere corrugations in a regular tread.

Not any short-lived protection.

But an extra tread vulcanized onto the regular. A double-thick facing of deep-cut blocks, made of wear-resisting rubber.

Thick, tough, efficient and enduring. It reduces danger of puncture by 30 per cent.

The blocks are deep-cut. And they grasp the road surface with countless edges and angles.

Skidding is thus prevented.

Each block widens out at the base, so the

strain is distributed over just as much fabric as with smooth-tread tires.

That's immensely important.

We know your skidding troubles. And we know your experience with flimsy devices suggested to prevent them.

So we worked for three years to perfect this Non-Skid. And we tested 24,000 before we even announced it.

Now we ask a comparison.

Note the many advantages—the vital efficiencies—over other non-skid devices.

But the best fact of all is that this ideal tread comes on Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

## Fall Sales Increase 310 Per Cent

Perhaps you don't understand how No-Rim-Cut tires excel the old-type clinchers.

These patented tires, with their hookless base and their braided wires, are not easy to explain.

But you do know this—

Motor car owners have used to date over 700,000 of these Goodyear tires.

As a result, these tires have become the most popular tires in existence.

And the demand grows by leaps and bounds. Our fall sales this year increased over last year by 310 per cent.

You know that a tire which sells in that way must sell on merit only.

And the tire which dominates, after tens of thousands have tried it, must be the premier tire.

### Average Saving \$20 Per Tire

One can't be exact in stating cost of tire upkeep. It is often affected by misuse and abuse.

But we do know this—

Statistics show that 23 per cent of all ruined clincher tires are rim-cut.

And rim-cutting absolutely never occurs with Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

In addition to that No-Rim-Cut tires are made 10 per cent over the rated size.

Their extra flare makes that oversize possible. You reverse your rim flanges so they curve outward in using No-Rim-Cut tires.

That oversize means 10 per cent more air—10 per cent added carrying capacity.

It takes care of your extras. It saves the blowouts due to overloading.

With the average car, this 10 per cent oversize adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

So these two features together—No-

Rim-Cut and oversize—under average conditions will cut tire bills in two.

We figure the average saving, on tires large and small, as somewhere around \$20 per tire.

If it runs only half that, the saving to users on our tires sold this year will run into millions of dollars.

### No Extra Price

No-Rim-Cut tires now cost the same as other standard tires. So the saving is clear.

These patented tires, when our output was smaller, cost 20 per cent more than clincher tires.

But our multiplied output has cut

the cost of production. Now the price is the same as for clinchers.

So it is simply a matter of choosing

You can anywhere get Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires by simply insisting on them.

### \$200,000 Spent on Tests

Goodyear tires as you see them today are the final result of 13 years of experiment.

We have spent in that time over \$200,000 in testing out formulas and fabrics, methods and means.

We built in our factory a tire testing machine. Four tires at a time are there constantly worn out under all sorts of road conditions.

Meters record the mileage.

There we have compared, by actual use, some forty formulas for wear-resisting treads.

There we have compared over 200 fabrics.

There every method of making, of wrapping and vulcanizing has been put to the proof of service.

There rival tires have been compared with our own, over and over again.

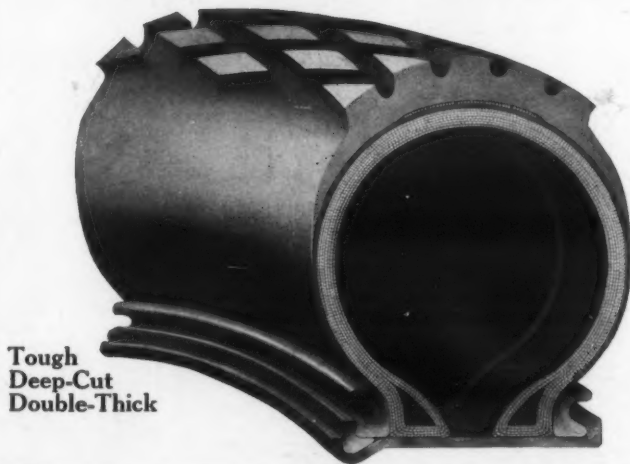
In the course of 13 years of that ceaseless testing we have come close to tire perfection. So close that our liberal warrant this year cost us less than 32 cents per tire.

You get that perfection, combined with all these other features, in Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

Remember this. Next time you buy tires decide the make for yourself.

Our new Tire Book is ready—filled with facts which motor car owners should know. It will cut your cost of tire upkeep. Ask us to mail it to you.

### The New Goodyear Non-Skid Tread



# GOOD YEAR

## No-Rim-Cut Tires

### With or Without Non-Skid Treads

**THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, Erie Street, AKRON, OHIO**

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities

Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits

Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.



## Fine Office Pencils

**D**IXON'S Pencils make firm, clean, legible marks, on smooth paper or rough—and the lead is sturdy and lasting. It sharpens easily and writes black, but it never smuts nor smudges.

Send for Dixon's Pencil Guide, gratis

JOSEPH DIXON  
CRUCIBLE COMPANY  
Jersey City, N. J.



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At Your Dealer's.

SEND 10 CENTS for sample which will convince.

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204 Broadway New York

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**Stop Forgetting**  
MEMORY the BASIS of All Knowledge  
You are no greater intellectually than your memory. Send today for my free book "How to Remember"—Facts, Names, Studies—Develops Will, Concentration, Self-Confidence, Conversation, Public Speaking. Address: DICKSON MEMORY SCHOOL, 771 Aud't'm Bldg., Chicago

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and beautiful specimens. Your name elegantly written on a card. If you enclose stamp. Write today. Address: W. TAMBLYN, 416 Meyer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

**BIG MONEY FOR YOU**  
Send our metallic letters for office, business, show fronts, and signs. Any one can put them on. Write today for sample and demand. Write today for sample and demand. Write today for sample and demand. METALLIC SIGN LETTER CO., 418 North Clark Street, Chicago

P. F.  
COLLIER  
& SON  
Publishers

## Christmas Collier's

Robert J. Collier  
416-430  
West 13th St.  
NEW YORK

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NUMBER 13

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**THE BEST PROOF**  
*of the PRE-EMINENCE*  
**OF THE PACKARD**  
**"SIX" IS A RIDE IN**  
**THE CAR ITSELF**  
*Any Packard Dealer*  
*will arrange it*



Packard Motor Car Company, Detroit

Packard



A pair of hands, a bowl of water and

## Packer's Tar Soap

(Pure as the Pines)

are all you need for keeping the scalp in that cleanly condition which is the first essential to hair health.

Wet the hair thoroughly. Work up a generous lather with your hands and rub it into the scalp with the finger tips.

This method used regularly and systematically is your best protection against hair troubles. The pure pine-tar and other hygienic and cleansing ingredients as combined in Packer's Tar Soap, are exactly what your hair and scalp need.

Send 10 cents for a sample half-cake of Packer's Tar Soap and our booklet, "How to Care for the Hair and Scalp."

The Packer Mfg. Co.  
Suite 88, 81 Fulton St. New York





## God Rules Always

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

INTO the world's most high and holy places  
Men carry selfishness, and graft, and greed.  
The air is rent with warring of the races;  
Loud dogmas drown a brother's cry of need.  
The Fleet-of-Creeds, upon Time's ocean lurches;  
And there is mutiny upon her decks;  
And in the light of temples, and of churches,  
Against life's shores, drift wrecks and derelicts.  
(God rules, God rules always.)

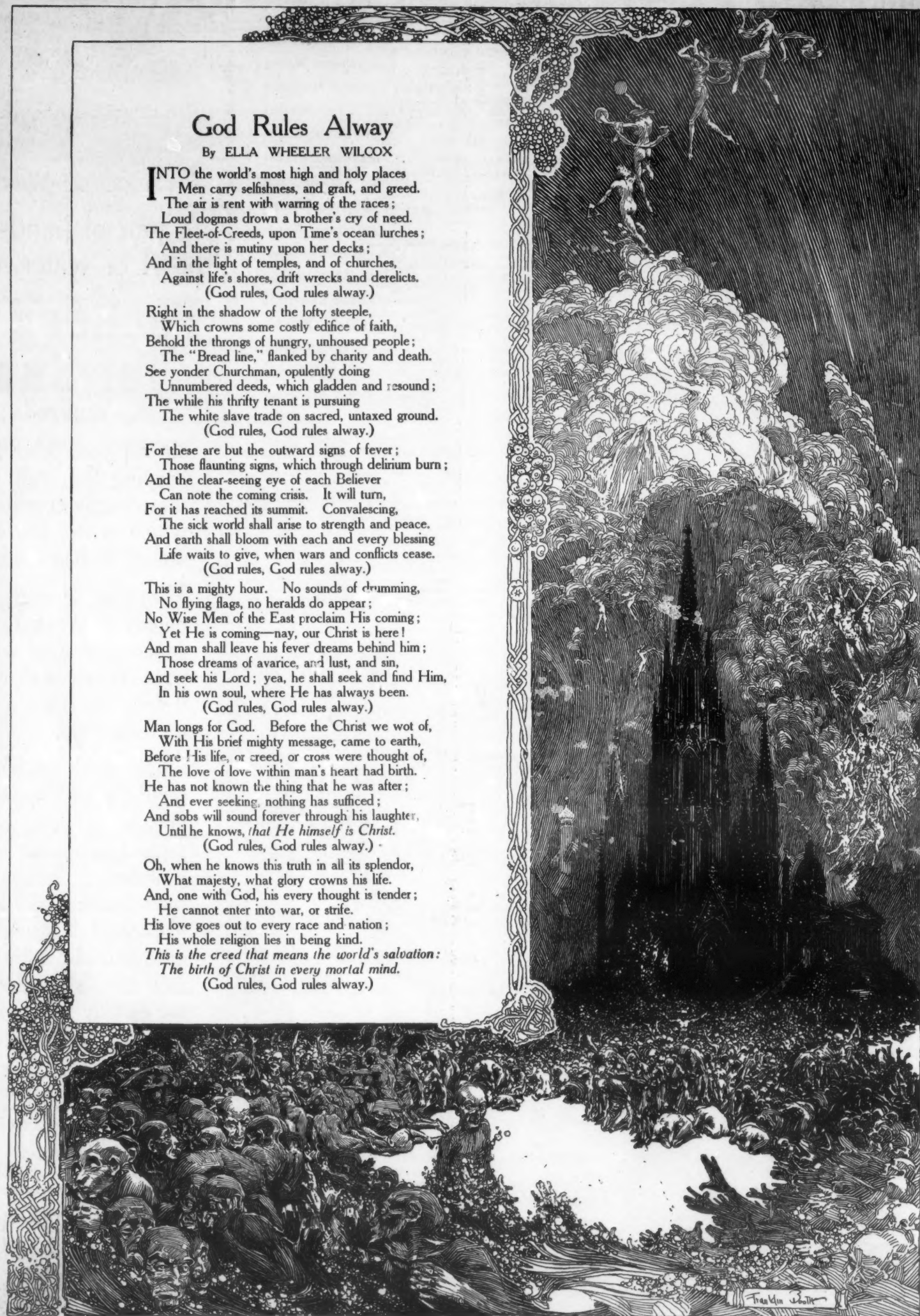
Right in the shadow of the lofty steeple,  
Which crowns some costly edifice of faith,  
Behold the throngs of hungry, unhoused people;  
The "Bread line," flanked by charity and death.  
See yonder Churchman, opulently doing  
Unnumbered deeds, which gladden and resound;  
The while his thrifty tenant is pursuing  
The white slave trade on sacred, untaxed ground.  
(God rules, God rules always.)

For these are but the outward signs of fever;  
Those flaunting signs, which through delirium burn;  
And the clear-seeing eye of each Believer  
Can note the coming crisis. It will turn,  
For it has reached its summit. Convalescing,  
The sick world shall arise to strength and peace.  
And earth shall bloom with each and every blessing  
Life waits to give, when wars and conflicts cease.  
(God rules, God rules always.)

This is a mighty hour. No sounds of drumming,  
No flying flags, no heralds do appear;  
No Wise Men of the East proclaim His coming;  
Yet He is coming—nay, our Christ is here!  
And man shall leave his fever dreams behind him;  
Those dreams of avarice, and lust, and sin,  
And seek his Lord; yea, he shall seek and find Him,  
In his own soul, where He has always been.  
(God rules, God rules always.)

Man longs for God. Before the Christ we wot of,  
With His brief mighty message, came to earth,  
Before His life, or creed, or cross were thought of,  
The love of love within man's heart had birth.  
He has not known the thing that he was after;  
And ever seeking, nothing has sufficed;  
And sobs will sound forever through his laughter,  
Until he knows, that *He himself is Christ*.  
(God rules, God rules always.)

Oh, when he knows this truth in all its splendor,  
What majesty, what glory crowns his life.  
And, one with God, his every thought is tender;  
He cannot enter into war, or strife.  
His love goes out to every race and nation;  
His whole religion lies in being kind.  
*This is the creed that means the world's salvation:  
The birth of Christ in every mortal mind.*  
(God rules, God rules always.)



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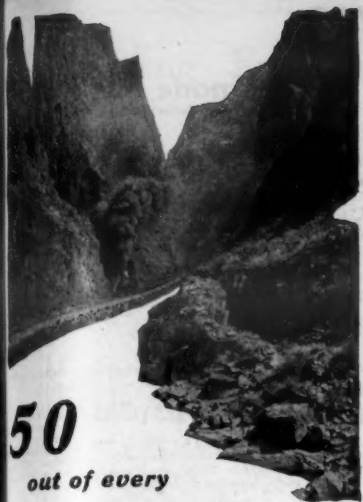
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Salt Lake  
Denver  
Colorado





50  
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100

persons journeying to the  
Pacific Coast travel by  
way of the

## Denver & Rio Grande

### Why?

Because it is admittedly

### The Scenic Line of the World

No expensive side trips are  
required to enable one to see  
the wonders of the

### Rocky Mountains

They can be seen from the car  
windows while traveling on  
main line trains between

Denver  
and  
Salt Lake City

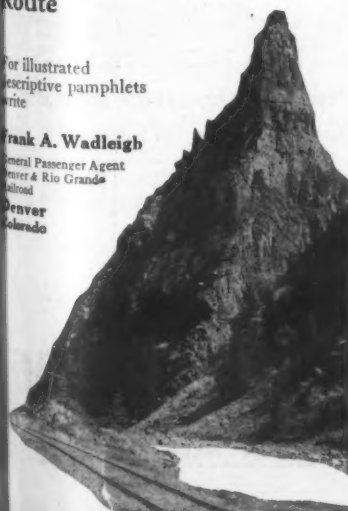
### The Western Pacific Railway

The Pacific Coast Extension  
of the Denver & Rio Grande  
rivals the Scenic Line of the World  
in its wonderful mountain and  
canon attractions,  
the two constituting the

### Royal Gorge- Feather River Canon Route

For illustrated  
descriptive pamphlets  
write

Frank A. Wadleigh  
General Passenger Agent  
Denver & Rio Grande  
Railroad  
Denver  
Colorado



## Weekly letter to readers on advertising No. 49

THE buying of foods, clothing and other necessities for the home and family gives way to shopping of a totally different sort during the weeks between Thanksgiving and Christmas. And there is one thing that you and all other intelligent shoppers are looking for whether the amount of money to be spent for holiday gifts is small or large.

I refer to quality.

The manufacturer who has spent thousands of dollars during the year trying to impress consumers with the superior points of his goods will reap the benefit of this publicity during the holiday shopping season. For if you are particular about the quality of what you buy for yourself, you are doubly particular when you are giving something to a friend, because your own good taste and discrimination are at stake.

The quality of a piece of cut glass, jewelry, fur, or any other article that you buy represents to you the character of the house that is back of it, and when a manufacturer, realizing this, backs his confidence in his own goods by advertising costing thousands of dollars annually, you are not taking chances in patronizing him.

*E. L. Patterson.*  
Manager Advertising Department



## The United States Navy Has Every Kind of Work for Ambitious Men

SUCCESSFUL applicants for Navy positions find work, not only as seamen, but as machinists, firemen, stenographers, bookkeepers, musicians, carpenters, blacksmiths, shipfitters, electricians, boiler-makers, cooks, stewards, waiters, and others.

This is why so many young men who have taken for granted that there was no kind of work in the Navy that they would like have found on investigation more agreeable work and more variety of positions than in civil life.

The United States Navy offers a life that is healthy; work that is pleasant; excellent opportunity for

promotion; the incentive to save money, and the finest of chances to learn by study and travel. And besides these things, companionship with ambitious men of good character.

The Navy Department never urges men to enlist, only to investigate Navy opportunities. It is worth the while of any man 17 to 35 years of age to look into the subject of taking four years' training in the Navy, or of making the Navy a life's work.

Call at the nearest Navy Recruiting Station (we'll send address at your request) and ask all the questions you wish. Or send for interesting free book, "The Making of a Man o' Warman." Address:

Bureau of Navigation  
Box 49, Navy Department Washington, D. C.

## My Famous Anti-Nicotine Pipes at Forty Cents Each, Three for a Dollar



I want thousands to  
know how a smoke can  
be improved by the con-  
struction of a pipe and by  
the materials put into it.

SMOKERS talk about the flavor, aroma and smoothness of tobacco. I know tobacco—so listen to me. A lot of that flavor, a lot of that aroma and a lot of that smoothness is made or killed by the pipe you smoke. Everybody knows it. I know men who have spent years trying to find a pipe they could smoke—and who today consider my scientifically-made Anti-Nicotine Pipes simply wonders! Some of them have actually given up other forms of smoking.

### My Pipes Kill the Poison —Improve the Smoke

Here's my original Anti-Nicotine Pipe at the top of this advertisement, and my new Anti-Nicotine Imitation Calabash Pipe at the bottom of this advertisement. In both these pipes I put the famous bowl that does the work—that makes the nicotine disappear. This bowl is made of a material as old as the Babylonians, a material that is like clay, a special composition first discovered by the ancients. This material is as hard as any clay, but it has a peculiar porous quality—just like the finest meerschaum—which absorbs the nicotine, keeps it out of your system and uses it to give the pipe a beautiful meerschaum coloring. I know that this special low price cannot blind you to the quality in these pipes. I know that the value to the health and enjoyment of my customers of these perfectly-made pipes, will get me twenty more customers every place that I send one now.

### Any Three for a Dollar

Above is my popular claw design—the kind you see at the rich men's clubs. And below I show my new imitation Calabash, modeled after the original African Calabash Gourd, graceful and highly finished, trimmed in German Silver. The claw design colors like the finest meerschaum; the Calabash colors and looks exactly like the genuine African article which sells anywhere from \$3.00 up. With them there is no burning the tongue—no charred wood fumes—no disgusting odor—and you do not have to "break them in." Any three for a dollar. Choose two of one design and one of the other, or all three of the same—just as you desire. I will sell these pipes to you at 40 cents each or three for a dollar. Order now—know that if you are not entirely satisfied, your money will be returned cheerfully. Send the Coupon now.

My handsome illustrated 1913 Smokers' Book sent FREE with every order.

H. MENGES, The Smoker's Friend  
638 Menges Bldg. St. Louis, Mo.

### COUPON—Cut out and mail today

Claw is Design A, Calabash is Design B

H. MENGES, 638 Menges Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Enclosed find 40 cents for one, \$1.00 for three of your Anti-Nicotine pipes. Please send Design

A..... Design B.....

(State how many of each design wanted.) It is understood that if I do not like the pipe or pipes I am to return the goods and receive my money back in full.

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....

State.....

I do pipe repairing.





# COLLIER'S CLASSIFIED COLUMNS

Those who read the advertisements on this page may rest assured that the claims made have been thoroughly investigated and found to be in every way reliable.

The man who wants to better his present position and increase his earning capacity should look into the numerous opportunities on this page. The man with an idea or commodity to sell, who wishes to start advertising in a small way, may profitably begin in these columns.

Four lines is the minimum space accepted; twelve the maximum.

## REAL ESTATE

### CALIFORNIA

**FREE LITERATURE WILL BE SENT TO ANY** one interested in the wonderful Sacramento Valley, the richest valley in the world. Unlimited opportunities. Thousands of acres available at right prices. The place for a man wanting a home in the finest climate on earth. No lands for sale; organized to give reliable information. Sacramento Valley Development Association, 800 2nd Street, Sacramento, California.

### FLORIDA

**WHY DON'T YOU INSPECT OUR 10 AND 20-acre tracts?** Fertile soil. Fine location. Free town lot. Free school transportation. Free mail delivery. Address Palm Beach County Land Co., Dept. C, Stuart, Fla.

**SPLENDID CHANCE FOR MEN OF LIMITED** means. Big profits raising Oranges, Grape fruit and Vegetables in Fla. Not \$500 to \$1000 per acre in Land of Manatees. Low priced farms in 6 Sou. States. Easy terms. Write for free booklet. J. A. Pridgen, Gen. Ind. Agt., Seaboard Air Line Ry., Suite 501, Norfolk, Va.

**OWNER MUST SELL BEAUTIFUL 6-ACRE** Florida Farm. Four acres, winter vegetables, one acre two-year-old fruit trees. On splendid shell road near shipping point. Splendid yearly income. Also my winter home, small, neat cottage, built two years on good lot 150x30 in beautiful, modern Florida East Coast city. Most famous winter resort in the world. Possession March 1 or by arrangement. Total property complete, \$900. Ten per cent cash, balance easy terms. Or will consider offers both properties separately. Owner, care of A. Jordan, Glidden, Wis.

### LOUISIANA

**FINE FARMING OPPORTUNITY IN LOUISIANA.** 40 miles from New Orleans on I. C. R. R. Temperate climate, good markets, splendid stock country with natural forage. \$20 per acre. Terms reasonable. Address, C. H. McNie, Kentwood, La.

### TEXAS

**RICH FERTILE LAND IN THE PROSPEROUS** Texas Panhandle—nothing down—9 years to pay—6% interest. \$20 an acre. Write to C. L. Seagraves, General Colonization Agent, A. T. & S. F. Ry., 1162 Railway Exchange, Chicago, for Panhandle folder describing soil, climate, rainfall, crops and 6 months "Earth" free.

**TEXAS BERMDA ONION FARM UNITS** (acres) pay for themselves first crop. We grow crop for you for share of profits. Easy terms. For particulars write Zavala Onion Farms Co., San Antonio, Texas.

### VIRGINIA

**FARM IN SUNNY VIRGINIA, DELIGHTFUL** climate, abundant rainfall, fertile ten acre truck, poultry and fruit farm \$275. Farms low as \$15 per acre. For 134 page free booklet address K. T. Crawley, Ind. Agt. C. & O. Ry., Richmond, Va., Box AL.

**VIRGINIA APPLE ORCHARDS PAY BIG** profits. \$350.00 on long time and easy payments buys a ten-acre apple orchard tract in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley of Virginia—other lands \$15 per acre and up. Write for beautiful booklets and excursion rates. F. H. LaBaume, Agr'l Agt., N. & W. Ry., Box 3091, Roanoke, Va.

## BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

**BIG PROFITS. OPEN A DYING AND CLEAN-** ing establishment, very little capital needed. We teach a successful method by mail. Write for booklet. Ben-Vonde System, Dept. 2-C, Charlotte, N. C.

## INVESTMENTS

**OUR FIRST FARM MORTGAGES RETURN** 6% and absolute security. Nearly 30 years' experience without the loss of a dollar. Send for our new pamphlet, and list of offerings. E. J. Lander & Co., Grand Forks, N. D.

### FARM LOANS

**EIGHT PER CENT MONEY WANTED ON** Three to Five-year loans; principal and interest guaranteed. Only Fifty per cent of the actual value of the property covered by these mortgages on first-class city real estate. Interest annually or semi-annually. No extra charge for collecting interest or principal when due. Interest will be sent to any bank or post office in the United States. Write J. D. Ward, Collinsville, Okla.

## COLLECTIONS

**BAD DEBTS TURNED INTO CASH. BY A** sure, simple, system. For business men, physicians, lawyers, collectors, etc. Instructive booklet, "Skillful Collecting," free. Nat'l Collectors Ass'n, Bond St., Newark, Ohio.

**"RED STREAKS OF HONESTY EXIST IN** everybody," and thereby I collect over \$200,000 yearly from honest debts all over the world. Write for my Red Streak Book, free. Francis G. Luke, 77 Com. Nat. Bank Bldg., Salt Lake City, Utah, U.S.A. "Some People Don't Like Us."

## PICTURE PLAYWRIGHTS' SCHOOLS

**MOTION PICTURE PLAYS WANTED. YOU** can write them. We teach you by mail. No experience needed. Big demand and good pay. Details free Ass'd M. P. Schools, 675 Sheridan Road, Chicago.

## COLLIER'S CLASSIFIED COLUMNS

**A PAGE DEVOTED TO SMALLER ADVERTISE-** ments divided into different classifications. This page offers many opportunities to many people—and those who read the advertisements may rest assured that the claims made have been thoroughly investigated and found to be in every way reliable. Rate per line, \$2.50 with 3% discount for cash with the order. Four lines smallest, and twelve lines largest, copy accepted. There is a 15% discount allowed on six-time consecutive orders, all deducted from each sixth insertion. For further information write Collier's Classified Columns, 423 West 13th St., New York.

## AGENTS WANTED

**"MODERN" SELF-HEATING INTERCHANGE-** able irons and stands now in demand. 100% profit. Sample outfit furnished. Reserve territory by writing for Cat. "C." Modern Specialties Mfg. Co., Goshen, Ind. (Patentees).

**LINEN HEEL AND TOE GUARANTEED** Hosiery direct from mill to wearer. All styles and qualities. Splendid opportunity for live agents. Customers waiting. Re-orders insure permanent increasing income. Exclusive rights. Credit. J. Parker Mills, 720 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

**FREE SAMPLE GOES WITH FIRST LETTER.** Something new. Every firm wants it. Orders \$1.00 to \$100. Big demand everywhere. Nice pleasant business. Write at once. Metallic Sign Co., 432 N. Clark, Chicago.

**SELL ACCIDENT POLICY. PAYS \$1000** death and \$5 weekly benefit for 21 years. \$1500 deposited with Pennsylvania Insurance Department for protection of policyholders. German Com. Accident Co., Newark, N.J.

**BIG MONEY EACH WEEK CAN BE MADE** by men, women, boys and girls representing our goods. We give premiums with every order. Write today. Hamilton Sales Agency, Inc., Dept. 17, 92 State St., Boston.

**AGENTS—HANDKERCHIEFS, DRESS GOODS.** Represent a big manufacturer. Sales run \$50 to \$100. Easy work. No experience needed. Free Samples. Credit. Freeport Manufacturing Co., 72 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

**AGENTS FOR MEN'S TAILORING. BEAUTI-** ful styles, low prices, easy business, big profits. We produce several models from \$100 up. Snappy, classy, powerful and speedy cars. Handsome, luxurious and delightful to ride in. Liberal discount to agents who can purchase demonstrator and hustle for business. Write at once. Address Dept. 11, Alpena Motor Car Co., Alpena, Mich.

**WANTED—LIVE AGENTS TO HANDLE OUR** line of pleasure cars in territory not yet closed for 1912. We produce several models from \$100 up. Snappy, classy, powerful and speedy cars. Handsome, luxurious and delightful to ride in. Liberal discount to agents who can purchase demonstrator and hustle for business. Write at once. Address Dept. 11, Alpena Motor Car Co., Alpena, Mich.

**HONEST MAN OR WOMAN WANTED TO** represent well-known wholesale firm. Experience unnecessary. Must furnish good references. Easy, pleasant work. Fair salary to start. McLean, Black & Co., 551 Medford St., Boston, Mass.

**ALCA VACUUM CLEANER IS WHAT EVERY** housekeeper wants. Seeing it means buying it. One letter to you will prove it. Write quick. Alca Vacuum Cleaner Co., 366 West 50th St., Dept. C, New York.

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Mrs. William J. Burns, wife of America's most famous detective, the man who has now succeeded in bringing the McNamara's to justice, tells what it means to share the perils of a detective's career. The story is in

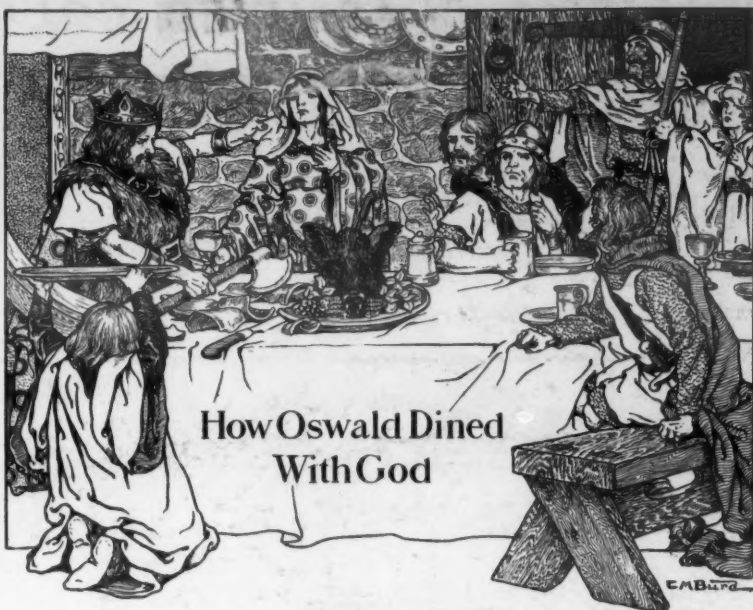
## The Housekeeper for January

This article by Mrs. Burns is only one of many important features in the January Housekeeper. The whole magazine is filled from cover to cover with things to interest the wholesome American woman—special articles, good stories, pages on the home, on cookery, on dress, on the hundred and one things which go to make up the daily routine of household life.

The Housekeeper is truly a magazine of helpfulness for the woman who makes the home.

## The Housekeeper

COLLIER & NAST, Inc., Publishers  
443 Fourth Avenue New York  
Dec. 16



## How Oswald Dined With God

### A Christmas Ballad

By EDWIN MARKHAM

(Author of "The Man With the Hoe" and Other Poems)

Oswald, "the most Christian King of the Northumbrians," was born about 604 A. D., shortly after the time of King Arthur. The moral power that reached its height in King Alfred had its first dawn in the character of Oswald.—See Green's "History of the English People."

OVER Northumbria's lone, gray lands,  
Over the frozen marl,  
Went flying the fogs from the fens  
and sands,  
And the wind with a wolfish snarl.

Frosty and stiff by the gray York wall  
Stood the rusty grass and the  
yarrow:  
Gone wings and songs to the south-  
land all—  
Robin and starling and sparrow.

Weary with battle on moor and  
stream,  
Came the king and his thanes to the  
Hall:  
Feast fires reddened the roof's high  
Torch flames waved from the wall.

Bright was the gold that the table  
bore,  
Where platters and beakers shone:  
Whining hounds on the sanded floor  
Looked hungrily up for a bone.

Laughing, the king took his seat at  
the board, [right:  
With his gold-haired queen at his  
War-men sitting around them roared  
Like the crash of the shields in fight.

Loud rose laughter and lusty cheer,  
And gleemen sang loud in their  
throats,  
Telling of swords and the whistling  
spear, [notes.  
Till their red beards shook with the

Varlets were bringing the smoking  
boar,  
Ladies were pouring the ale,  
When the watchman called from the  
great hall door:  
"O King, on the wind is a wail.

"Feebly the host of the hungry poor  
Lift hands at the gate with a cry.  
Grizzled and gaunt they come over  
the moor:  
The earth unbefriends, and the  
sky."

"Ho!" cried the king to the thanes,  
"Make speed—  
Carry this food to the gates—  
Off with the boar and the cask of  
mead—  
Leave but a loaf on the plates."

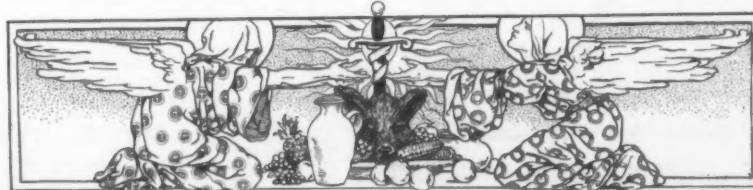
Still came a cry from the hollow  
night:  
"King, this is one day's feast;  
But days are coming with famine-  
blight;  
Wolf winds howl from the east!"

Hot from the king's heart leaped a  
deed,  
High as his iron crown:  
(Noble souls have a deathless need  
To stoop to the lowest down.)

"Thanes, I swear by Goddes'  
Bride  
This is a cursed thing—  
Hunger for the folk outside,  
Gold inside for the king!"

Whirling his war-ax over his  
head,  
He cleft each plate into four.  
"Gather them up, O thanes," he  
said,  
"For the workfolk at the door.

"Give them this for the morrow's  
meat,  
Then shall we feast in accord:  
Half of a loaf will then be  
sweet—  
Sweet as the bread of the Lord!"



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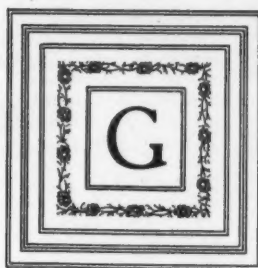
*The Fortune Hunter*

DRAWN BY FRANK X. LEYENDECKER



## The Message of the Star

By HERBERT KAUFMAN



GO TO THE WINDOW to-night and look out upon the city, yonder where the barracks of Want huddle in the shadows, and tenements stand bleak against the sky; where pitiable, cowed children of privation, wistful and wan, vein-hungry and heart-hungry, lie in the cold and dream Christmas dreams that can never come true—dreams such as you dreamed back in the long ago, golden dreams spangled with Hope, dreams that will lose their way and fall, broken-winged, to earth.

Once, upon the pinions of Fancy, you sped into the mystic dawns; once, you and Faith in magic argosies set brave sails for cloudland's purple zones.

And now, Youth is dead and memory is stained with tears. And your ships have come home and they ride at anchor.

Wise Man, what cargo did you bring in their holds?

How did you barter with Life? Did you trade well? Are you content?

Where is your myrrh and where your frankincense? Where is happiness and where peace and where is the glory of mercy and the joy of giving and the strength that comes with the lifting of burdens?

Look up, behold the Star of Bethlehem. Heed the message.

A thousand gray-souled women sit to-night with the ghosts of Yesterday.

Women, hagged by toil, gaunt and bruised; women with empty pockets and empty pantries and empty stoves; women face to face with the dreariest tragedy in all motherhood, the explanation of the empty Christmas stocking.

And the Star of Bethlehem keeps calling to you: "Wise Man, Wise Man! Gather your gifts and go forth in the name of the Lord to the manger wheresoever the Child awaits your coming."

# The Investiture of the American Cardinals

*A Vivid Account of the Rites by Which They Were Created Princes of the Roman Catholic Church*

By FORD MADDOX HUEFFER



FORD MADDOX HUEFFER

THE final ceremony in the creation of the new members of the Sacred College took place on Thanksgiving Day in the Hall of the Beatification of the Vatican. Eighteen new Cardinals received their red hats, including three American prelates—Monsignor Falconio, formerly Apostolic Delegate at Washington; Monsignor Farley, Archbishop of New York; and Monsignor O'Connell, Archbishop of Boston. The ceremony was epoch-making in the sense that it represented the official entrance of America into the comity of the old Catholic powers. Since the Papacy lost its temporal power, no Pope has created such a number of Cardinals at one time.

Mr. Ford Maddox Hueffer, the English novelist, was commissioned by COLLIER'S to describe this ceremony and sent from London to Rome for that purpose. Mr. Hueffer is himself a Catholic, and his vivid picture of the scene in the Vatican, in order to catch this edition, was sent to New York by Marconigram. Mr. Hueffer collaborated with Joseph Conrad in writing "Romance" and "The Inheritors," and is the author of various other novels and stories.

By Marconi Transatlantic Wireless Telegraph to Collier's

Rome, Monday  
*The Message from the Pope*

THE entrance to the American College here is under a high, grim arch. You see old stones, worn steps, and—beyond—light and a green garden in a quadrangle. It might be Oxford, and I cannot imagine any place better calculated to induce in a student that deep devotion mingled with a mellow and assured knowledge, which is what we Catholics look for in our priests. And usually this is the quietest spot in the world. You may see sometimes a few young fellows in the long black gowns that are the symbols of their removal from the material side of life going in under the arch in black companies of twos and threes. Pleasant fellows they are—different, I think, from most of our European priests in that they show nothing of mental strain. They look you frankly in the face and speak with just enough American accent to make them seem lively, alert, and shrewd, and, as far as is consistent with the discipline of the army of the Church, free. Yes, lovable young fellows! They pass in under the high arch, kneel down, say a short prayer, and disappear in the little corridor to the left. Then all is quiet under the arch, and little fountains play.

So on an ordinary day. To-day it is different. The two Archbishops and the Apostolic Delegate from the United States, summoned to the City of the Seven Hills to receive a message

from the Holy Father, are staying in this quiet spot—that is half an old convent and half an old palace—to await the commands of the head of our Church. For you are to understand that, officially as the word of the Church, they know as yet nothing of their promotion. The whole world is ringing with it, but they themselves have had no word from the Holy Father to say that they have become princes. So to-day is really a great day for the Collegio Americano. Nor should you believe that this, everybody's secret, is mere empty formality, for many strong men and great Cardinals have wept when the Pope's letter has been placed in their hands.

Saturday there was little quiet in the cloisters. There were many people, much color, and the rustle of feet. The sun shone on the spray of fountains, and at the ends of the arcades was the glow of oranges palely pointing the green of the winter trees and the palms. And over us all the feeling of excitement, of reverence, and of ceremonial.

In the cloisters nearly all were in black. We

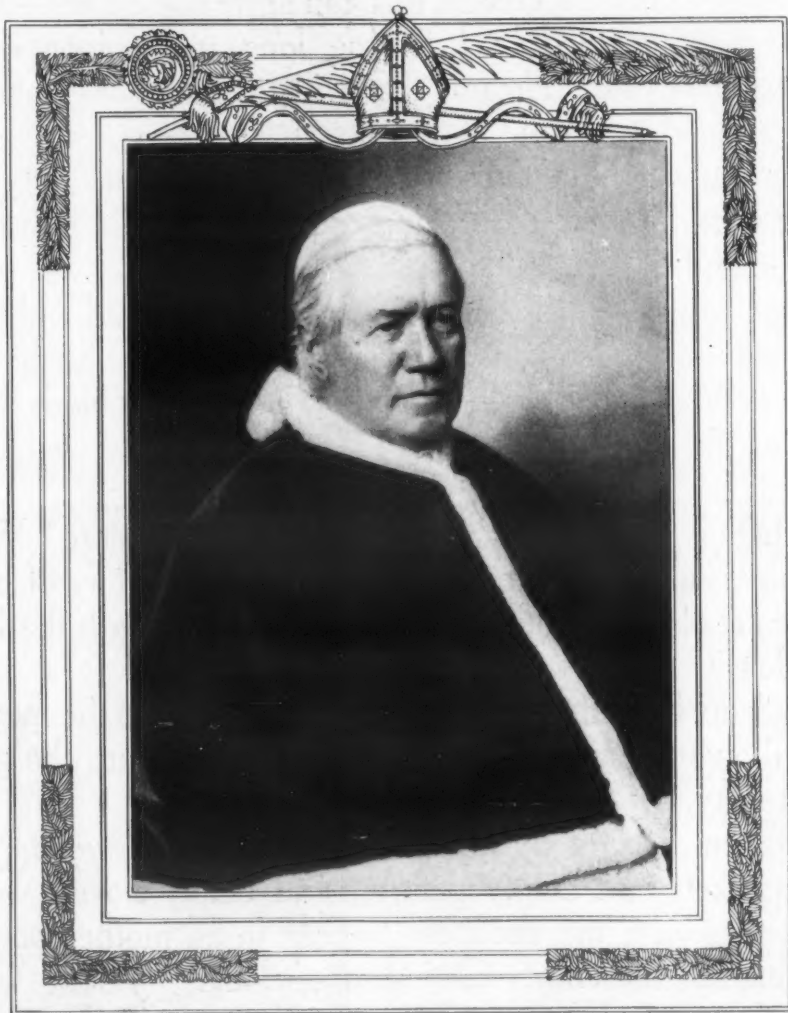
to strike through to the bone. I had gone there with an American friend because the Pope's messenger was to go there first, and I was anxious to pay respects to my own new Cardinal. And very different the note was. The difference between the gay, quiet little cloisters and that of the high, mournful corridors was the difference between the souls of the peoples. In the English College there was, no doubt, satisfaction, but there was also a historic sadness, for we have had our tragic and mournful histories. We spoke all in whispers and moved as if we were in church, reverently and with the motions of drilled phantoms. Between all the people there was maintained all the time a great broad way, down which the Monsignor walked with the air of a great lord of the Church—his young squire in a black purpoint and with a sword stalking before him, and his attendant walking behind.

The Monsignor smiled as if it were the very joy of his soul to hand the great letter to the Cardinal-elect. The Cardinal-elect had a face of iron, not a feature of which stirred as he looked at the purple Monsignor—a grim, efficient man of the type of Lord Kitchener, with a harder task. Only his hands (I can give you this detail because I stood next but one to him) trembled as if he had been in an automobile on a Roman road. But we kept the broad lane open so that the photographer at the end could take photograph after photograph. I don't know what became of the photographer at the American College. I suppose he was gently pushed by the crowd of enthusiasts out of the high, fine window he had chosen.

THERE was no keeping a lane there, and the corridors were hung with velvet of cardinal's red, and the rooms befitted the dwellings of real princes of the Church, with fine furniture and hangings. At the English College I had felt as if I were in church. Here I was in the midst of a black, emotional crowd, not in the least disorderly but quivering with electricity. And cheerful, nay triumphant! There was room, of course, for the Monsignor in purple, with the fine head, to pass in with his letters to the three Cardinals-elect, but I am sure I do not know how he got out. Perhaps he smiled his way through a back door, for I found him waiting under the portico for his carriage, and still smiling finely. But we had crowded in behind his back, so that Bishop and Monsignor in a purple fringe seemed, like London policemen, to hold a horseshoe-shaped

space clear before the three Princes of the day. The Monsignor stood erect in his purple and, with the smile that showed that this must be the joy of his heart, handed to each Cardinal a letter as big as a portfolio. The secretaries of the Cardinals read the letters formally in loud voices. The Monsignor in purple added his own congratulations in a fine, deliberate voice, each word being like the note of a bell.

Then Cardinal-elect Falconio, still in his dove gray friar's robe, replied for the three—austere, with just the shade of a tremble in his dry tones. It was here that the variations of



Pope Pius X, who honored America by his choice of new Cardinals for the Church

waited round the foot of broad, darkish stairs to see the Pope's letter bearer arrive—all men in black among the dove gray stones. But there was one purple patch among us—the indefatigable rector of the college, Monsignor Kennedy. Indeed this Bishop was rather a purple streak than a purple patch, so fast did he move down the dark stairs. He would come flashing into the cloisters, into the high kitchens, into the cloakrooms, everywhere. And his, indeed, was no easy task. We recognized it, coming as we did from the English College, a ghostly old place with a chill in the high corridors that seemed



personality showed in these four lords of the Church. Archbishop Bourne at the English College had been, except for his hands, expressionless, with a terribly stern, keen glance. Never a muscle moved.

Archbishop Farley, a dear, kindly looking old man—and I wish his hands might be extended over me in benediction when I come to die—remained with one set expression, that of kindly fatigue.

And Archbishop O'Connell! If I had known nothing at all of the history of this prelate—and prelate is the most expressive word—I should have known that this was indeed a master of men. Immense in bulk, with his legs planted far apart, he was the only one that smiled when the Holy Father's letter was handed to him—and such a terrific smile. I should not care to be an opponent of the Church in the diocese of this Cardinal. Had I not been so much on the side of this churchman, I think I should have been afraid of his smile. A masterful man! These, then, are the four Cardinals of the Anglo-Saxon world, and it speaks much for the wisdom of the Pope that each of these in his several ways is of a type that is indispensable to the good of the Church.

Cardinal Bourne, with his stern impassivity and the keen, nervous temperament that at times causes him so much mental suffering beneath misrepresentation, is of the type of English martyr-priests of whom there were so many.

Cardinal Farley is of the type that has furnished the more beloved of the saints.

Cardinal Falconio would well and with justice consolidate the temporal power of the Church.

Cardinal O'Connell extends the bounds, being fitted to be the champion of a church triumphant and militant.

I have done my best to make you see them in the comparative family life of their colleges—in this the most impressive and touching of the three rites that go to the making of a Cardinal. They are among their own people till after this ceremonial.

Wednesday

#### The Conferring of the Red Birettas

THIS is the ceremony of the conferring of the red birettas. The Vatican is a great town guarded from modern Italy by soldiers with pikes ten feet long, whom you see under the great arches. In doublets and trunk hose of scarlet and yellow, with the martial flat hats of German *landsknechts*, they stand there long-legged and powerful. Then come the endless staircases with the marble halls, and up them go walking brown-cowled friars, village priests in old and shabby cassocks, American millionaires with papal orders on their dress shirts, officers of the Household in suits of black like the Spanish dons that Drake fought, with the ruffs about their necks—all going to this ceremony. It is a ceaseless rushing of feet on the broad white steps of marble. You wait for a long time in a bright painted gallery among priests and nuns and laity in dress clothes.

I may confess myself an impressionable person, open to emotions of beauty, and I will confess that again and again I was deeply moved there during this period of waiting, and

I confess that the sight of a long row of Sisters of Mercy in light blue gowns, with the immense white coifs, brought me to real tears. I don't know why. They were not in the least pathetic. They had brave, fresh, simple faces, and courageous eyes. I suppose it was just the blue and the white and the brave eyes, and the feeling of great goodness and tenderness of those good women. I must confess that the great coifs, which later sadly impeded my view of the ceremonies, caused me irritation enough, but it went

private council. The Cardinals, in scarlet, sit on chairs round the wall. The Holy Father enters almost without ceremony and sits upon a high gilded throne. And so familiar he seems—we have seen him thus a thousand times in pictures—that there is no strangeness and hardly any emotion about his coming. He is just our familiar friend. The Cardinals-elect brush through the lane that is among us—familiar faces, too, by now—the Anglo-Saxons and the little Dutch Cardinal, the first that Holland has had since the Reformation.

They kneel one by one before the Pope. He puts upon their heads the flame-scarlet biretta which is the first glimpse we have had of new cardinal red. Each then removes his cap, and a purple scarf is draped upon his shoulders. It is rather a whispering, quick ceremony. The new Cardinal kisses the Pope's hand and foot, rises and passes on.

This is the last time that he will kneel to the Holy Father. From henceforth he is a prince of the Church.

Then the voice of Cardinal Falconio rises. He is rendering the thanks of himself and his brethren.

And then the Holy Father begins to speak. It is a strange, strong voice with a deep chest sound. It is at once nobly courteous, paternal, encouraging, and exhorting. With the purple cape over the white costume, he sits rather still on his throne that is like a gilded alcove. He hardly moves except to turn a sheet of his manuscript.

But the voice sounds on. Little golden shadows play over the white dress and over the dark, strong, simple face. And then, having done with his courteous speeches of welcome, he begins to exhort these men and us all to keep faith in the name of the Saviour. It is easy to see that then the Holy Father is moved. He has little gestures, quaint movements of hand—the movements not of an orator or of a preacher but those of a kindly, earnest parent. Then I understood something that I had never understood before. For this man there speaking seemed to me no more to be a sovereign Pontiff, no more to be high or distant or upon a bright golden throne from which there played golden shadows. No. He was the kind and dear head of my family—of my own family. I was listening. I have never felt so at home. Yes, that was it. It was my home. We are a great family, we Catholics, and I was in

the private room of the head of us all, and I had the right to be there, and we all had the right to the blessing of the good and kindly head of our family, who will surely not refuse it to them that be of good will.

Then the Holy Father went away through the little door to the left of the throne, and we all found our ways out through the rambling village that the Vatican is.

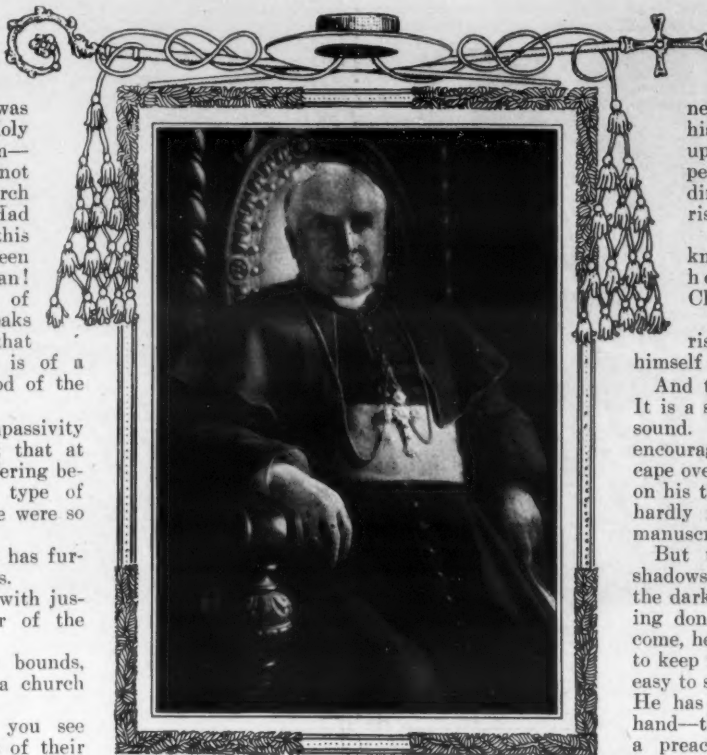
Thursday

#### The Public Consistory

THIS is the day of the public consistory, the day of the most pomp and, perhaps, of the least intimate satisfaction. The crowd to-day is enormous, many poor people being gathered in the outer halls to see

the Pope borne by in his high golden chair.

But the hall in which the consistory is held is neither so picturesque nor so touching as the other. It is much vaster and more faded, and it is packed with a multitude of people. There are more of the papal soldiery to be seen—cuirassiers, hussars, and infantry, and the Swiss



Cardinal Farley, formerly Archbishop of New York

just as soon as one of the swan-wing coifs turned aside and upward, and the bearer looked wonderingly and with timidity up at the great paintings that hung on the red damask walls of the Sala. I saw again the fresh cheeks, the clear and candid gaze, and I felt the emotion of contemplating a great goodness.



Cardinal Falconio, formerly Apostolic Delegate



Cardinal O'Connell, formerly Archbishop of Boston

So that when I die, even as I hope to have the blessing of such a man as Cardinal Farley, I hope to have such a sister standing at my bed-foot. It is odd, the family feeling of these two ceremonies. This was not a mass, this was not a religious offering. It was just our Church—our own Church—conducting its affairs in a



with their pikes are not so prominent. But there was the great hall, the thousands and thousands of people, with the Roman nobility in the tribunes chattering away in a manner that shocked good Americans; and French women pushing into better places than their tickets warranted; and English women climbing onto their seats and being rebuked again by the angry persons behind them. Well, it was a function! There came in a long procession—the secretaries of the new Cardinals, many guards with pikes, the old Cardinals in scarlet, in black, and in the colors of their orders.

At the end of the hall was a tall-backed purplish-red chair, with behind it a light, not very good picture in pinks and blues, forming the back of the dais. I was looking toward this chair. The choir had begun to sing a fugued anthem very beautifully, voice following voice as pigeon follows pigeon when great flights swirl around a cote. And then I chanced to look to my right. The high hall was rather gloomy, with

certain that whatever this man does is dictated by the imperious will of a simple conscience and a high, pure, flamelike soul.

As for the pomp of the ceremony, it was not so very great. Why should it be? To each of the new Cardinals there went out an old Cardinal to fetch him in, and once more they all passed before our eyes.

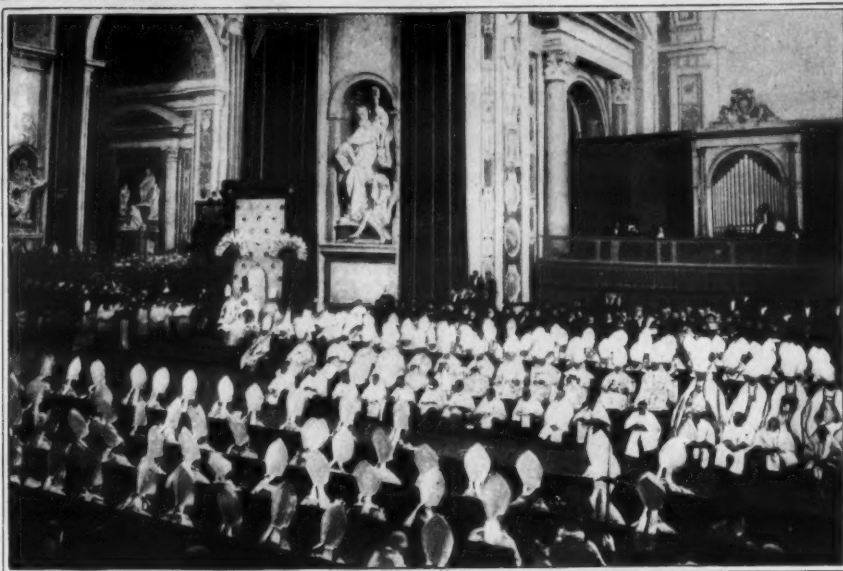
One by one they were led up to the Holy Father sitting in his high chair. A candle was

lit. Each had the purple cowl of his purple robe lifted up over his head, and above the head of each the Holy Father set the immensely broad-brimmed red hat while he said the exhortation.

Then for a moment the great golden miter was removed while he blessed us all and we made the responses. The Cardinals and their secretaries, with pikemen and many Monsignors in dull purple, made an outward-bound procession, and suddenly the great fans beside the dais waved and began to move.

The Holy Father was going away again aloft on his golden throne, and some of us who know that he suffers from the swaying motion of this splendid object observed a touching thing. Four bearers with a small red sedan chair painted with the papal arms were trying to force a passage for it through the great crowd of monsignori, and we knew that the sovereign Pontiff desired to get down from his high throne and into that humble carriage. But there was no getting the chair through

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*The Hall of the Beatification, where the public Consistory was held*



*The Swiss Guards of the Vatican*

a sort of square effect, but very lofty. The portal was a high square of bright light, the rays of the sun falling to be reflected against a white wall with some faded pink and blue frescoes.

And suddenly against this light I saw an immense thing, darting and swaying slightly. It suggested—yes, really it suggested—an apparition borne on high with two great fans swaying one on each side—entirely black against the light of the high portal. It was rather frightening, but one knew that it was the throne of the Pope of Rome. When it came into the light of the high windows we could see a bent form beneath a great miter of shining gold. To speak honestly, I did not notice what color were the clothes he wore. I was so taken up with the face and the hands that gave the benediction that I never saw his dress, though twice he passed close to me.

But it was the face, saddened by the cares of a world, supported by the prayers of a world—a brownish, simple, shrewd, infinitely wise face—wise, as it were, with the wisdom of a natural object, a tree it might be, or a rock or a very old, wise peasant. It made me infinitely sad to see this prisoner of the Vatican, and I am sure that there is no man, whatsoever his creed or leanings, that could miscall this man once he had seen his face. For now I am



*New Cardinals before the Pope*



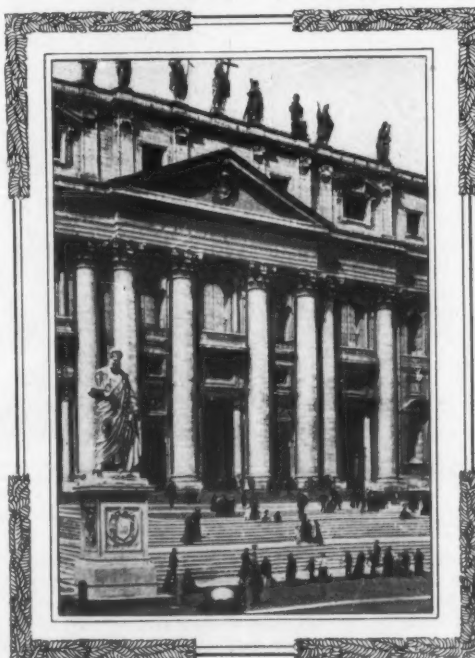
*The Pope's chair bearers*

the crowd to the throne, and it was lovely and touching to see the courteous wave of the hand with which the Pope greeted the officer who concernedly brought him the news. It was the finest smile of resignation. And then he was borne before us, seeming to have become a very old, heavily burdened man with a distant smile set upon who knows what unseen hills of peace.

And now I am back in the hall of the Quirinal Hotel. The luggage of new travelers is coming in, the hall is full of loungers, and suddenly there is a great flash of scarlet. It is Cardinal O'Connell getting out alone from his carriage. He holds out his hand to one man and another in the hall. They genuflect and kiss his ring. Then, all blazing, he passes on to the lift and is jerked upward—a flash of scarlet—to his rooms. It is the Church and the world in an odd juxtaposition, for I never expected to see a cardinal in a lift.

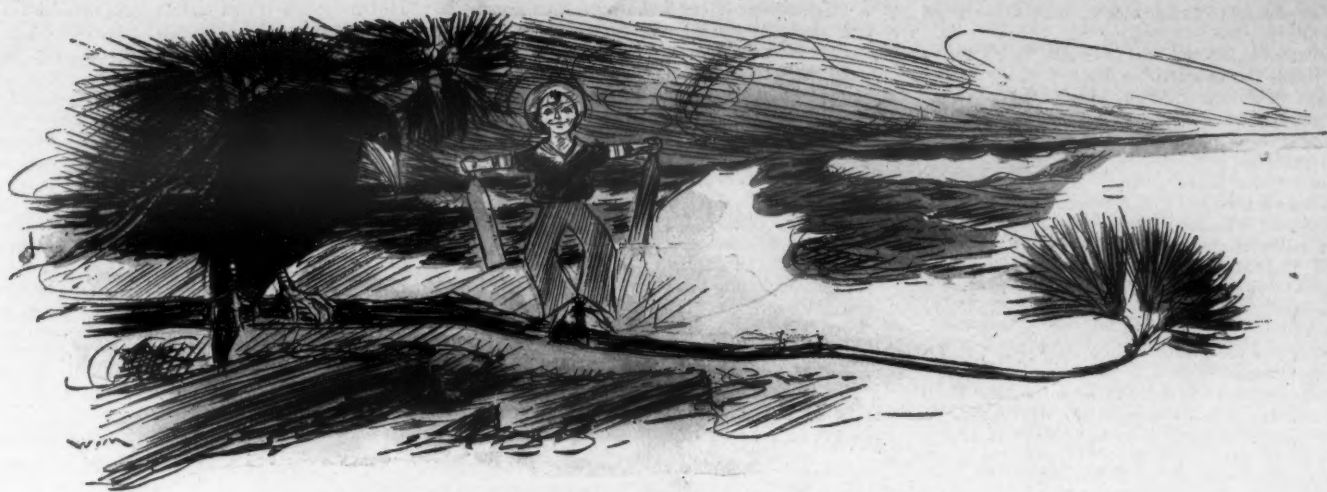
But he disappears, and I am left with the odd sensation that I am the only man in the hall to whom he did not offer his hand. I am conscious of a pang of jealousy that no doubt is the devil, and I pass toward the American bar, for I had no breakfast this morning.

So the world we live in gets under way for me again after these days of the very strongest emotions.



*The pillared portico of St. Peter's*





## The Sailorman

*As a Custodian of Happiness He Is Faithful to His Trust*

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

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BEFORE Latimer put him on watch, the Nantucket sailorman had not a care in the world. If the wind blew from the north, he spun to the left; if it came from the south, he spun to the right. But it was entirely the wind that was responsible. So, whichever way he turned, he smiled broadly, happily. His outlook upon the world was that of one who loved his fellow man. He had many brothers as like him as twins all over Nantucket, and Cape Cod and the North Shore, smiling from the railings of verandas, from the roofs of bungalows, from the eaves of summer palaces. Impaled on their little iron uprights, each sailorman whirled—sometimes languidly like a great lady revolving to the slow measures of a waltz, sometimes so rapidly that he made you quite dizzy, and had he not been a sailorman with a heart of oak and a head and stomach of pine he would have been quite seasick. But the particular sailorman that Latimer bought for Helen Page and put on sentry duty carried on his shoulders most grave and unusual responsibilities. He was the guardian of a buried treasure, the keeper of the happiness of two young people. It was really asking a great deal of a care-free, happy-go-lucky weather vane.

Every summer from Boston Helen Page's people had been coming to Fair Harbor. They knew it when what now is the polo field was their cow pasture. And whether at the age of twelve or of twenty or more, Helen Page ruled Fair Harbor. When she arrived the "season" opened; when she departed the local tradespeople sighed and began to take account of stock. She was so popular because she possessed charm, and because she played no favorites. To the grooms who held the ponies on the side-lines her manner was just as simple and interested as it was to the gilded youths who came to win the championship cups, and remained to try to win Helen. She was just as genuinely pleased to make a four at tennis with the "kids" as to take tea on the veranda of the clubhouse with the matrons. To each her manner was always as though she were of their age. When she met the latter on the Beach road, she greeted them riotously and joyfully by their maiden names. And the matrons liked it. In comparison the deference shown them by the other young women did not so strongly appeal.

"When I'm jogging along in my station

wagon," said one of them, "and Helen shrieks and waves at me from her car, I feel as though I were twenty, and I believe that she is really sorry I am not sitting beside her, instead of that good-looking Latimer man, who never wears a hat. Why does he never wear a hat? Because he knows he's good-looking, or because Helen drives so fast he can't keep it on?"

"Does he wear a hat when he is not with Helen?" asked the new arrival. "That might help some."

"We will never know," exclaimed the young matron; "he never leaves her."

This was so true that it had become a public scandal. You met them so many times a

they must remain friends could not hope to escape criticism. Besides, they did not know him: he did not come from Boston, and Harvard, but from a Western city. They were told that at home, at both the law and the game of politics, he worked hard and successfully; but it was rather held against him by the youth of Fair Harbor that he played at other games, not so much for the sake of the game as for exercise. He put aside many things, such as whisky and soda at two in the morning, and bridge all afternoon, with the remark: "I don't find it tends toward efficiency." It was a remark that irritated, and, in the minds of the men at the country clubs, seemed to place him. They liked to play polo because they liked to play polo, not because it kept their muscles limber and their brains clear.

"Some Western people were telling me," said one of the matrons, "that he wants to be the next Lieutenant-Governor. They say he is very ambitious and very selfish."

"Any man is selfish," protested one who for four years had attempted to marry Helen, "who wants to keep Helen all to himself. But that he should wish to be a Lieutenant-Governor, too, is rather an anticlimax. It makes one lose sympathy."

Latimer went on his way without asking any sympathy. The companionship of Helen Page was quite sufficient. He had been working overtime and was treating himself to his first vacation in years—he was young—he was in love—and he was very happy. Nor was there any question, either, that Helen Page was happy. Those who had known her since she was a child could not remember when she had not been happy, but these days she wore her joyousness with a difference. It was in her eyes, in her greetings to old friends: it showed itself hourly in courtesies and kindnesses. She was very kind to Latimer, too. She did not deceive him. She told him she liked better to be with him than with anyone else—it would have been difficult to deny to him what was apparent to an entire summer colony—but she explained that that did not mean she would marry him. She made this announcement when the signs she knew made it seem necessary. She announced it in what was for her a roundabout way, by remarking suddenly that she did not intend to marry for several years.

This brought Latimer to his feet and called forth from him remarks so eloquent that Helen found it very difficult to keep her own. She felt as though she had been caught in an undertow, and was being whirled out to sea. When, at last,



"Do you understand?" he demanded of the sailorman.  
"Your duty is to protect this beautiful lady"

day driving together, motoring together, playing golf together, that you were embarrassed for them and did not know which way to look. But they cried in their shame. If you tactfully pretended not to see them, Helen shouted at you. She made you feel you had been caught doing something indelicate and underhand.

The mothers of Fair Harbor were rather slow in accepting young Latimer. So many of their sons had seen Helen shake her head in that inarticulate, worried way, and look so sorry for



she had regained her breath, only because Latimer had paused to catch his, she shook her head miserably.

"The trouble is," she complained, "there are so many think the same thing!"

"What do they think?" demanded Latimer.

"That they want to marry me."

Checked but not discouraged, Latimer attacked in force.

"I can quite believe that," he agreed, "but there's this important difference: No matter how much a man wants to marry you, he can't love you as I do!"

"That's another thing they think," sighed Helen.

"I'm sorry to be so unoriginal," snapped Latimer.

"Please don't!" pleaded Helen. "I don't mean to be unfeeling. I'm not unfeeling. I'm only trying to be fair. If I don't seem to take it to heart, it's because I know it does no good. I can see how miserable a girl must be if she is

"Please excuse me for interrupting," but there is a large spider—" and the spell was gone.

One day she exclaimed: "Oh!" and Latimer patiently lowered the Oxford Book of Verse, and asked: "What is it, now?"

"I'm so sorry," Helen said, "but I can't help watching that Chapman boy; he's only got one reef in, and the next time he jibes he'll capsize, and he can't swim, and he'll drown. I told his mother only yesterday—"

"I haven't the least interest in the Chapman boy," said Latimer, "or in what you told his mother, or whether he drowns or not! I'm a drowning man myself!"

Helen shook her head firmly and reprovingly. "Men get over that kind of drowning," she said.

"Not this kind of man doesn't!" said Latimer. "And don't tell me," he cried indignantly, "that that's another thing they all say."

"If one could only be sure!" sighed Helen. "If one could only be sure that you—that the right man would keep on caring after you marry him

From her throne among the pine needles Helen looked up at the sailorman and frowned.

"It is not a happy simile," she objected. "For one thing, a sailorman has a sweetheart in every port."

"Wait and see," said Latimer.

"And," continued the girl with some asperity, "if there is anything on earth that changes its mind as often as a weather vane, that is less certain, less constant—"

"Constant?" Latimer laughed at her in open scorn. "You come back here," he challenged, "months from now, years from now, when the winds have beaten him, and the sun blistered him, and the snow frozen him, and you will find him smiling at you just as he is now, just as confidently, proudly, joyously, devotedly. Because those who are your slaves, those who love you, cannot come to any harm; only if you disown them, only if you drive them away!"

The sailorman, delighted at such beautiful language, threw himself about in a delirium of



With Latimer out of the way the other two hundred and forty-nine suitors attacked with renewed hope

loved by one man, and can't make up her mind whether or not she wants to marry him. But when there's so many, she just stops worrying; for she can't possibly marry them all."

"All!" exclaimed Latimer. "It is incredible that I have undervalued you, but may I ask how many there are?"

"I don't know," sighed Helen miserably. "There seems to be something about me that—"

"There is!" interrupted Latimer. "I've noticed it. You don't have to tell me about it. I know that the Helen Page habit is a damned difficult habit to break!"

It cannot be said that he made any violent effort to break it. At least, not one that was obvious to Fair Harbor or to Helen.

One of their favorite drives was through the pine woods to the point on which stood the lighthouse, and on one of these excursions they explored a forgotten wood road and came out upon a cliff. The cliff overlooked the sea, and below it was a jumble of rocks with which the waves played hide and seek. On many afternoons and mornings they returned to this place, and, while Latimer read to her, Helen would sit with her back to a tree and toss pine cones into the water. Sometimes the poets whose works he read made love so charmingly that Latimer was most grateful to them for rendering such excellent first aid to the wounded, and into his voice he would throw all that feeling and music that from juries and mass meetings had dragged tears and cheers and votes.

But when his voice became so appealing that it no longer was possible for any woman to resist it, Helen would exclaim excitedly:

the way he says he cares before you marry him. If you could know that, it would help you a lot in making up your mind."

"There is only one way to find that out," said Latimer, "that is to marry him. I mean, of course," he corrected hastily, "to marry me."

One day, when on their way to the cliff at the end of the wood road, the man who makes the Nantucket sailor and peddles him passed through the village; and Latimer bought the sailorman and carried him to their hiding place. There he fastened him to the lowest limb of one of the ancient pine trees that helped to screen their hiding place from the world. The limb reached out free of the other branches, and the wind caught the sailorman fairly and spun him like a dancing dervish. Then it tired of him, leaving him motionless with his arms outstretched, balancing in each hand a tiny oar and smiling happily.

"He has a friendly smile," said Helen; "I think he likes us."

"He is on guard," Latimer explained. "I put him there to warn us if anyone approaches, and when we are not here, he is to frighten away trespassers. Do you understand?" he demanded of the sailorman. "Your duty is to protect this beautiful lady. So long as I love her you must guard this place. It is a life sentence. You are always on watch. You never sleep. You are her slave. She says you have a friendly smile. She wrongs you. It is a beseeching, abject, worshipping smile. I am sure when I look at her, mine is equally idiotic. In fact, we are in many ways alike. I also am her slave. I also am devoted only to her service. And I never sleep, at least not since I met her."

joy. His arms spun in their sockets; like Indian clubs his oars flashed in the sun, and his eyes and lips were fixed in one blissful, long-drawn-out, unalterable smile.

When the goldenrod turned gray, and the leaves red and yellow, and it was time for Latimer to return to his work in the West, he came to say good-by to Helen. But the best she could do to keep hope alive in him was the fact that she was glad he cared. She added it was very helpful to think that a man such as he believed you were so fine a person, and during the coming winter she would try to be like the fine person he believed her to be, but which, she assured him, she was not.

Then he told her again she was the most wonderful being in the world, to which she said: "Oh, indeed no!" and then, as though he were giving her a cue, he said: "Good-by!" But she did not take up his cue, and they shook hands. He waited, hardly daring to breathe.

"Surely, now that the parting has come," he assured himself, "she will make some sign, she will give me a word, a look that will write 'total' under the hours we have spent together, that will help to carry me through the long winter."

But he held her hand so long and looked at her so hungrily that he really forced her to say: "Don't miss your train," which kind consideration for his comfort did not delight him as it should. Nor indeed later did she herself recall the remark with satisfaction.

With Latimer out of the way the other two hundred and forty-nine suitors attacked with renewed hope. Among other advantages they had over Latimer was that they were on the



ground. They saw Helen daily, at dinners, dances, at the country clubs, in her own drawing-room. Like any sailor from the Charlestown Navy Yard and his sweetheart, they could walk beside her in the park and throw peanuts to the pigeons and scratch dates and initials on the green benches; they could walk with her up one side of Commonwealth Avenue and down the south bank of the Charles, when the sun was gilding the dome of the State House, when the bridges were beginning to deck themselves with necklaces of lights. They had known her since they wore knickerbockers; and they shared many interests and friends in common; they talked the same language. Latimer could talk to her only in letters, for with her he shared no friends or interests, and he was forced to choose between telling her of his lawsuits and his efforts in politics or of his love. To write to her of his affairs seemed wasteful and impertinent, and of his love for her, after she had received what he told of it in silence, he was too proud to speak. So he wrote but seldom, and then only to say: "You know what I send you." Had he known it, his best letters were those he did not send. When in the morning mail Helen found his familiar handwriting, that seemed to stand out like the face of a friend in a crowd, she would pounce upon the letter, read it, and, assured of his love, would go on her way rejoicing. But when in the morning there was no letter, she wondered why, and all day she wondered why. And the next morning when again she was disappointed, her thoughts of Latimer and her doubts and speculations concerning him shut out every other interest. He became a perplexing, insistent problem. He was never out of her mind. And then he would spoil it all by writing her that he loved her and that of all the women in the world she was the only one. And, reassured upon that point, Helen happily and promptly would forget all about him.

But when she remembered him, although months had passed since she had seen him, she remembered him much more distinctly, much more gratefully, than that one of the two hundred and fifty with whom she had walked that same afternoon. Latimer could not know it, but of that anxious multitude he was first, and there was no second. At least Helen hoped when she was ready to marry, she would love Latimer enough to want to marry him. But as yet she assured herself she did not want to marry anyone. As she was, life was very satisfactory. Everybody loved her, everybody invited her to be of his party, or invited himself to join hers, and the object of each seemed to be to see that she enjoyed every hour of every day. Her nature was such that to make her happy was not difficult. Some of her devotees could do it by giving her a dance and letting her invite half of Boston, and her kid brother could do it by taking her to Cambridge to watch the team at practice.

She thought she was happy because she was free. As a matter of fact, she was happy because she loved some one and that particular some one loved her. Her being "free" was only her mistaken way of putting it. Had she thought she had lost Latimer and his love, she would have discovered that, so far from being free, she was bound hand and foot and heart and soul.

But she did not know that, and Latimer did not know that.

Meanwhile, from the branch of the tree in the sheltered, secret hiding place that overlooked the ocean, the sailorman kept watch. The sun had blistered him, the storms had buffeted him, the snow had frozen upon his shoulders. But his loyalty never relaxed. He spun to the north, he spun to the south, and so rapidly did he scan the surrounding landscape that no one could hope to creep upon him unawares. Nor, indeed, did anyone attempt to do so. Once a fox stole into the secret hiding place, but the sailorman flapped his oars and frightened him away. He was al-

ways triumphant. To birds, to squirrels, to trespassing rabbits he was a thing of terror. Once when the air was still, an impertinent crow perched on the very limb on which he stood, and with scornful, disapproving eyes surveyed his white trousers, his blue reefer, his red cheeks. But when the wind suddenly drove past them, the sailorman sprang into action and the crow screamed in alarm and darted away. So, alone and with no one to come to his relief, the sailorman stood his watch. About him the branches bent with the snow, the icicles froze him into immobility, and in the tree tops strange groanings filled him with alarms. But undaunted, month after month, alert and smiling, he waited the return of the beautiful lady and of the tall young man who had devoured her with such beseeching, unhappy eyes.

Latimer found that to love a woman like Helen Page as he loved her was the best thing that could come into his life. But to sit down

grown very old, and that some one had turned off the sun, and that in consequence the world had naturally grown cold and dark. She could not see why the two hundred and forty-nine expected her to keep on doing exactly the same things she had been doing with delight for six months, and indeed for the last six years. Why could they not see that there no longer was any pleasure in them? She would have written and told Latimer that she found she loved him very dearly if in her mind there had not arisen a fearful doubt. Suppose his letter was not quite honest? He said that he would always love her, but how could she now know that? Why might not this letter be only his way of withdrawing from a position which he wished to abandon, from which perhaps he was even glad to escape? Were this true, and she wrote and said all those things that were in her heart, that now she knew were true, might she not hold him to her against his will? The love that once

he had for her might no longer exist, and if, in her turn, she told him she loved him and had always loved him, might he not in some mistaken spirit of chivalry feel it was his duty to pretend to care? Her cheeks burned at the thought. It was intolerable. She could not write that letter. And as day succeeded day, to do so became more difficult. And so she never wrote and was very unhappy. And Latimer was very unhappy. But he had his work, and Helen had none, and for her, life became a game of putting little things together, like a picture puzzle, an hour here and an hour there, to make up each day. It was a dreary game.

From time to time she heard of him through the newspapers. For, in his own State, he was an "Insurgent" making a fight, the outcome of which was expected to show what might follow throughout the entire West. When he won his fight much more was written about him, and he became a national figure. In his own State the people hailed him as the next Governor, promised him a seat in the Senate. To Helen this seemed to take him further out of her life. She wondered if now she held a place even in his thoughts.

At Fair Harbor the two hundred and forty-nine used to joke with her about her politician. Then they considered Latimer of importance only because Helen liked him. Now they discussed him impersonally and over her head, as though she were not present, as a power, an influence, as the leader and exponent of a new idea. They seemed to think she no longer could pretend to any peculiar claim upon him, that now he belonged to all of them.

Older men would say to her: "I hear you know Latimer? What sort of a man is he?"

Helen would not know what to tell him. She could not tell them he was a man who sat with his back to a pine tree, reading from a book of verse, or halting to devour her with humble, entreating eyes.

She went South for the winter, the doctors deciding she was run down and needed the change. And with an unhappy laugh at her own expense she agreed in their diagnosis. She was indifferent as to where they sent her, for she knew wherever she went she must still force herself to go on putting one hour on top of another, until she had built up the inexorable and necessary twenty-four.

When she returned winter was departing, but reluctantly, and returning unexpectedly to cover the world with snow, to eclipse the thin spring sunshine with cheerless clouds. Helen took herself seriously to task. She assured herself it was weak-minded to rebel. The summer was coming and Fair Harbor with all its old delights was before her. She compelled herself to take heart, to accept the fact that, after all, the world is a pretty good place, and that to think only of the past, to live only on memories and regrets, was not only cowardly and selfish, but, as Latimer had already decided, did not tend toward efficiency.

(Continued on page 32)



*She clutched the sailorman in both her hands, and kissed the beseeching, worshipping smile*

and lament over the fact that she did not love him, did not, to use his favorite expression, "tend toward efficiency." He removed from his sight the three pictures of her he had cut from illustrated papers, and ceased to write to her.

In his last letter he said: "I have told you how it is, and that is how it is always going to be. There never has been, there never can be anyone but you. But my love is too precious, too sacred to be brought out every week in a letter and dangled before your eyes like an advertisement of a motor car. It is too wonderful a thing to be cheapened, to be subjected to slights and silence. If ever you should want it, it is yours. It is here waiting. But you must tell me so. I have done everything a man can do to make you understand. But you do not want me or my love. And my love says to me: 'Don't send me there, again to have the door shut in my face. Keep me with you to be your inspiration, to help you to live worthily.' And so it shall be."

When Helen read that letter, she did not know what to do. She did not know how to answer it. Her first impression was that suddenly she had



# The Wanderer's Dream of Christmas

by J. Scott Williams







*"I caught her back there in the grass. And when I heard your signal I put her up on that table to keep her out of mischief"*

## Back There in the Grass

*A Botanist's Introduction to a New Species of Woman in the South Sea Islands*

By **GOVERNEUR MORRIS**

ILLUSTRATED BY LUCIUS WOLCOTT HITCHCOCK

**I**T WAS spring in the South Seas when, for the first time, I went ashore at Batengo, which is the Polynesian village, and the only one on the big grass island of the same name. There is a cable station just up the beach from the village, and a good-natured young chap named Graves had charge of it. He was an upstanding, clean-cut fellow, as the fact that he had been among the islands for three years without falling into any

of their ways proved. The interior of the corrugated iron house in which he lived, for instance, was bachelor from A. to Z. And if that wasn't a sufficient alibi my pointer dog, Don, who dislikes anything Polynesian or Melanesian, took to him at once. And they established a romping friendship. He gave us lunch on the porch, and because he had not seen a white man for two months, or a liver-and-white dog for two years, he told us the entire story of his young life, with reminiscences of early childhood and plans for the future thrown in. The future was very simple. There was a

girl coming out to him from the States by the next steamer but one; the captain of that steamer would join them together in holy wedlock, and after that the Lord would provide.

"My dear fellow," he said, "you think I'm asking her to share a very lonely sort of life, but if you could imagine all the—the affection and gentleness, and thoughtfulness that I've got stored up to pour out at her feet for the rest of our lives, you wouldn't be a bit afraid for her happiness. If a man spends his whole time and imagination thinking up ways to make a girl happy and occupied, he can think up a whole lot. . . . I'd like ever so much to show her to you."

He led the way to his bedroom, and stood in

silent rapture before a large photograph that leaned against the wall over his dressing table.

She didn't look to me like the sort of girl a cable agent would happen to marry. She looked like a swell—the real thing—beautiful and simple and unaffected.

"Yes," he said, "isn't she?"

I hadn't spoken a word. Now I said:

"It's easy to see why you aren't lonely with that wonderful girl to look at. Is she really coming out by the next steamer but one? It's hard to believe because she's so much too good to be true."

"Yes," he said, "isn't she?"

"The usual cable agent," I said, "keeps from going mad by having a dog or a cat or some pet or other to talk to. But I can understand a photograph like this being all-sufficient to any man—even if he had never seen the original. Allow me to shake hands with you."

Then I got him away from the girl, because my time was short, and I wanted to find out about some things that were important to me.

"You haven't asked me my business in these parts," I said, "but I'll tell you. I'm collecting grasses for the Bronx Botanical Garden."

"Then, by Jove!" said Graves, "you have certainly come to the right place. There used to be a tree on this island, but the last man who saw it died in 1789—Grass! The place is all grass: there are fifty kinds right around my house here."

"I've noticed only eighteen," I said, "but that isn't the point. The point is: when do the Batengo Island grasses begin to go to seed?" And I smiled.

"You think you've got me stumped, don't you?" he said. "That a mere cable agent wouldn't notice such things. Well, that grass there," and he pointed "—beach nut we call it—is the first to ripen seed, and, as far as I know, it does it just six weeks from now."

"Are you just making things up to impress me?"

"No, sir, I am not. I know to the minute. You see, I'm a victim of hay fever."

"In that case," I said, "expect me back about the time your nose begins to run."

"Really?" And his whole face lighted up. "I'm delighted. Only six weeks. Why, then, if you'll stay round for only five or six weeks more, you'll be here for the wedding."

"I'll make it if I possibly can," I said. "I want to see if that girl's really true."

"Anything I can do to help you while you're gone? I've got loads of spare time—"

"If you knew anything about grasses—"

"I don't. But I'll blow back into the interior and look around. I've been meaning to right along, just for fun. But I can never get any of them to go with me."

"The natives?"

"Yes. Poor lot. They're committing race suicide as fast as they can. There are more wooden gods than people in Batengo village, and the superstition's so thick you could cut it with a knife. All the manly virtues have perished. . . . Aloiu!"

The boy who did Graves's chores for him came lazily out of the house.

"Aloiu," said Graves, "just run back into the island to the top of that hill—see?—that one over there—and fetch a handful of grass for this gentleman. He'll give you five dollars for it."

Aloiu grinned sheepishly, and shook his head.

"Fifty dollars?"

Aloiu shook his head with even more firmness, and I whistled. Fifty dollars would have

made him the Rockefeller-Carnegie-Morgan of those parts.

"All right, coward," said Graves cheerfully. "Run away and play with the other children. . . . Now isn't that curious? Neither love, money, nor insult will drag one of them a mile from the beach. They say that if you go 'back there in the grass' something awful will happen to you."

"As what?" I asked.

"The last man to try it," said Graves, "in

company but Kanakas and a pointer dog makes one white man pretty keen for the society of another. Furthermore, at our one meeting I had taken a great shine to Graves, and to the charming young lady who was to brave a life in the South Seas for his sake. If I was eager to get ashore, Don was more so. I had a shotgun across my knees with which to salute the cable station, and the sight of that weapon, coupled with toothsome memories of a recent big hunt down on Forked Peak, had set the dog

quivering from stem to stern, to crouching, wagging his tail till it disappeared, and beating sudden tattoos upon the deck with his forepaws. And when at last we rounded on the cable station and I let off both barrels, he began to bark and race about the schooner like a thing possessed.

The salute brought Graves out of his house. He stood on the porch waving a handkerchief, and I called to him through a megaphone; hoped that he was well, said how glad I was to see him, and asked him to meet me in Batengo village.

Even at that distance I detected a something irresolute in his manner; and a few minutes later when he had fetched a hat out of the house, locked the door, and headed toward the village, he looked more like a soldier marching to battle than a man walking half a mile to greet a friend.

"That's funny," I said to Don. "He's coming to meet us in spite of the fact that he'd much rather not. Oh, well!"

I left the schooner while she was still under way, and reached the beach before Graves came up. There were too many strange brown men to suit Don, and he kept very close to my legs. When Graves arrived the natives fell away from him as if he had been a leper. He wore a sort of sickly smile, and when he spoke the dog stiffened his legs and growled menacingly.

"Don!" I exclaimed sternly, and the dog cowered, but the spines along his back bristled and he kept a menacing eye upon Graves. The man's face looked drawn and rather angry. The frank boyishness was clean out of it. He had been strained by something or other to the breaking point—so much was evident.

"My dear fellow," I said, "what the devil is the matter?"

Graves looked to right and left, and the islanders shrank still further away from him.

"You can see for yourself," he said curtly. "I'm taboo." And then, with a little break in his voice: "Even your dog feels it. Don, good boy! Come here, sir!"

Don growled quietly.

"You see!"

"Don," I said sharply, "this man is my friend and yours. Pat him, Graves."

Graves reached forward and patted Don's head, and talked to him soothingly.

But although Don did not growl or menace, he shivered under the caress and was unhappy.

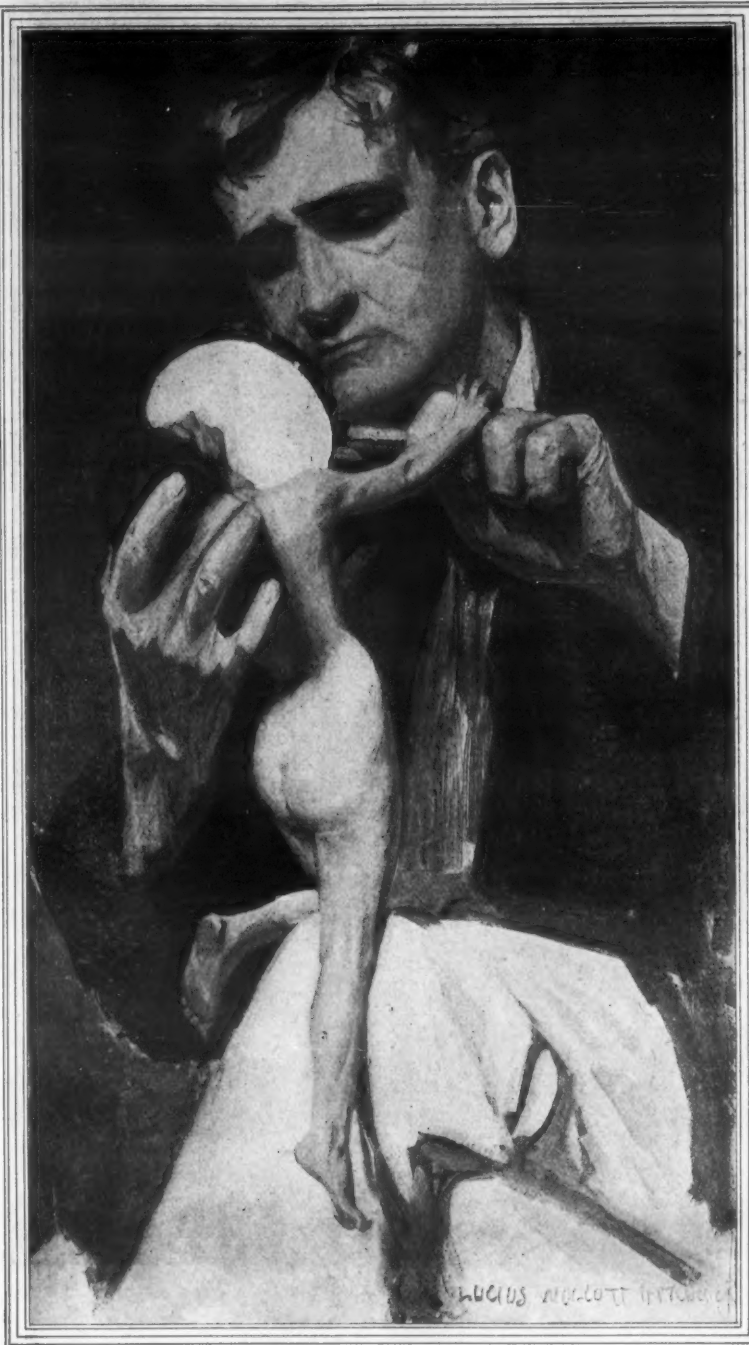
"So you're taboo!" I said cheerfully. "That's the result of anything, from stringing pink and yellow shells on the same string to murdering your uncle's grandmother-in-law. Which have you done?"

"I've been back there in the grass," he said, "and because—because nothing happened to me I'm taboo."

"Is that all?"

"As far as they know—yes."

"Well!" said I, "my business will take me back there for days at a time, so I'll be taboo, too. Then there'll be two of us. Did you find any curious grasses for me?" *Continued on page 30*



*I saw that in spite of all the sobbing her eyes were perfectly dry*

the memory of the oldest inhabitant, was a woman. When they found her she was all black and swollen—at least that's what they say. Something had bitten her just above the ankle."

"Nonsense," I said, "there are no snakes in the whole Batengo group."

"They didn't say it was a snake," said Graves. "They said the marks of the bite were like those that would be made by the teeth of a very little child."

Graves rose and stretched himself.

"What's the use of arguing with people that tell yarns like that! All the same, if you're bent on making expeditions back into the grass, you'll make 'em alone, unless the cable breaks and I'm free to make 'em with you."

Five weeks later I was once more coasting along the wavering hills of Batengo Island, with a sharp eye out for a first sight of the cable station and Graves. Five weeks with no



# THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER

A Christmas Lay of Colonial Days

Verses and drawings by GORDON GRANT



The Bailiff's daughter Marjorie with looks was favored well,  
And eke with swains to tell her of her charms,  
But two at length were left to try each other to excel,  
And for her heart and hand exchange his arms.

The first, a farmer, John Adair, a sober, honest youth,  
Well found in worldly goods by all report.  
The other, Tony Bender, was a merry blade, in sooth,  
Whose odds were of the metaphoric sort.



Alas! the man the maiden loved her father waved aside,  
For Maids, forsooth, know not their minds' quoth he,  
A bailiff's child should not aspire above a farmer's bride  
To wed with sprigs of lofty pedigree.

Now, know ye all that at the time and place our scene is set,  
A highwayman his occupation plied,  
His fame and name (Cohasset Nick) were known to all, and ye  
Though all had paid, none had his face espied.



The Yule log blazed upon the hearth, the festive  
board was laid  
With things the inner man to gratify,  
And guests were bid to learn of the betrothal of the maid,  
And happiness and wealth to prophesy.

The guests arrived from far and near, afoot, by coach and  
But to relate in breathless consternation,  
That Nick, the rascal, was abroad the traveler to waylay,  
And on each one had wreaked his depredation.



While squires gave vent unto their rage, and weeping James  
Young Tony begged the robbing scallawag,  
And to the bailiff's Christmas feast conveyed the captive thief,  
And to the guests' unbridled joy, the swag.



'Tis hard when cherished idols fall and crash about our ears  
The bailiff worthy man, was moved to curses more than tears.

The mask removed, there stood revealed good, honest Farmer John,  
Who chose to fill his barns with hay he made while Luna shone.

It were not meet on Christmas from our merry tale digressing,  
The fate of honest John to tell; Avaunt such themes distressing!  
While fortune smiled our hero lost no time his heart confessing  
And found a willing Marjorie subject to his caressing.  
The Bailiff shook his knowing head, but smiling gave his blessing.



# The Seizure of the *Aurora Borealis*



By J. B. Connolly

ILLUSTRATED BY F. C. YOUNG

*The Smugglers Who Were Not Allowed to Eat Their Christmas Dinner in Peace*

I HAD no notion in the beginning of going anywhere near Newfoundland that winter, but the word was passed to me from old John Rose of Folly Cove that if I thought of running down for a load of herrin', then he'd ought to have a couple o' thousand barrels, by the looks o' things, fine and fat in pickle, against Christmas Day, and old John Rose being a great friend of mine, and the market away up, I kissed the wife and baby good-by and put out for Placentia Bay in the *Aurora*. Now if anybody'd come to me before I left Gloucester that trip and asked me to turn a smuggling trick, why, I'd 'a' said: "Go away, boy, you're crazy." But on the way down I put into Saint Pierre. You know Saint Pierre? In the Miquelons, yes, where in the spring the fishing vessels from France put in—big vessels, bark-rigged mostly, and carrying forty or fifty in a crew—they put in to fit out for the Grand Banks fishing. And they come over with wine mostly for ballast. And in the fall they sail back home, but without the wine.

And, of course, smethin's got to be done with that wine, and though wine's as cheap in Saint Pierre as 'tis to any port in France, yet 'tisn't all drunk in Saint Pierre—not quite. The truth is, those people in Saint Pierre aren't much in the drinking line. One American shacking crew will come in there and put away more in one night than that whole winter population will in a week—that is, they would if they could get the kind they wanted. But that Saint Pierre wine isn't the kind of booze that our fellows are looking for after hauling trawls for a month o' winter days on the Banks. No, what they want is something with more bite in it. And what becomes of it? H-m—if you knew that you'd know what a lot of people'd like to know.

Well, I put into Saint Pierre, for I knew old John Rose and his gang of herring netters would cert'nly relish a drink of red rum now and again on a cold winter's night, and, going ashore, I runs into a sort of fat, black lad about forty-five, half French, half English, that was a great trader there, named Miller. 'Twas off him I bought my keg of rum for old John Rose. I'd heard of this Miller before, and a slick, smooth one he was reported to be, with a warehouse on one of the docks.

He'd been looking at my vessel, he said, had noticed her come to anchor, and a splendid vessel she was—fast and weatherly, no doubt of that. Well, that was all right, for, take it from me, the *Aurora* was all that anybody could say of her that was good. And when you believe that way, and a man comes along and begins to praise your vessel like that, whether you like his sail plans or not, why, you just naturally can't help warming up to him. We took a walk up the street together.

And a master and a crew that knew how to handle her, too, Miller goes on. Now I blinked a little at that, straight to my face as it was, but after two or three more drinks I says to myself: "Oh, hell, what's the good o' suspectin' everybody that pays a compliment of trying to heave twine over you?" We got pretty friendly, and, talking about one thing and another, he finally asked me if I ever had a notion of selling my vessel. I only smiled at him, and asked him if he had any idea what she cost to build. I told him then. Fourteen thousand dollars to the day of her trial trip, and all the money my wife and I had in the world had gone into her. He had no idea she cost so much; but, on reflection, it must be so—of a certainty yes. A splen-did, a su-pairb vessel, so swift to sail, so perfect to maneuver. If he himself possessed such an enchanting vessel—well, he could use her to much profit. There was a way.

He said that last so slyly that I had to ask him what that way was. He winked. "I deal in wines—what way can it be?" And, of course, I winked back to show that I was a deep one too. It's wonderful what things a man c'n get up to wind'ard of you after he's half filled you up. Well, no more then, but we left our caffay for a walk around the port, me looking for a little souvenir in the jewelry line for the baby. Christmas was comin', and though I didn't expect to be home till after New Year's, still I wanted the wife to know I hadn't forgot the baby.

I was tellin' that to Miller, and a little more about them, of how I hadn't been but a couple of years married, and how I'd kissed her and the baby good-by on the steps, and her tellin' me the last thing not to go pilin' the vessel up on the rocks anywhere, that the baby's fortune was in her now, and so on.

Well, sir, that farewell scene, that adieu, was too touching for him—he insisted on picking out the souvenir himself, and he picked out a good one, a pretty brooch to fasten the baby's little collar, and he paid for it—forty francs—and I just had to take it.

Well, we had another drink and parted, me not expecting to see any more of him; but that night as I was down on the dock hailing the vessel for a dory to go aboard, a man stepped up to me and laid his hand on my arm. "Captain Corning?" he said, and I said yes.

Well, he was a friend of Mr. Miller—he had seen me talking to Mr. Miller, and learned that I was about to depart in the early morning, bound for Placentia Bay; he would like to ask me to do him a small favor. Could I take one package and land it on my way to Auvergne, where was one friend of his? A small matter, one five-gallon keg of rum, that rum which was of such trivial price in Saint Pierre, but on which the duty was so high in Newfoundland, and his friend was one poor man, one fisherman, who could not afford to pay the duty.

NOW this Auvergne was twenty-five miles this side of any port of entry, and my first landing in Newfoundland, according to law, had to be at a port of entry.

And so I told this chap that, and how I was liable to a heavy fine, and so on.

Yes, he discerned much truth in what I said, but consider that poor fisherman who could have his good rum merely for the landing—no other cost, none whatever—he, a friend of Mr. Miller, was sending it as a gift for the



holiday. And the piteous drink of so inspiring. I did not Auvergne none in not afford it was so duty, as no new.

I did know I remem- of Saint Pierre I'd had o Newfound duty paid a cold night herring w it, but with and wou ways to gear no duty membered he had been me that the locket he baby I couldn feel in and I said and when a dory slip the side of keg was the rail questions and stow cabin run.

Next mornin', and, a easy run, Auvergne, a Placentia Bay way between one easterly. Co Pierre, it course, the rounded. to direction two long short woofs of which a man behind waves a hat three time

Well, thar'ding to dir drops a dory over the side Leary and the keg in it, and tells over to the name of the lad that jump behind the was the same as on the the keg v

at a mile to the dory v from bel land comes "That loc we'll say in water, the in", and tha a water to and Arch ially Sam- gh to emp side and go really look

Behind them a bunch of Argand's was and the gendarm







"Bought? Of course I could 'a' bought; but who wants to buy a turkey Christmas time? Why, any fat old shuffle-footed loafer can take a basket under his arm and go down t' the market and pay down his money and come away with a turkey or anything else he wants. 'Tain't the getting him, Archie—it's the winnin' him from a lot of hot sports that think they c'n roll dice. Twenty-seven throws I took and with every throw a free drink of good old cassy—"

"Twenty-seven drinks o' cassy! A lot you knew about what you was rollin' by then, Sammie."

"'Tain't what I knew, but what I *did*, that counted, Archie, and it takes more than twenty-seven glasses o' cassy to put my rail under. You

Why not there as well as here? Why not?" Sam glared down to the end of the bar, where Argand himself was taking in the cash, and his eyes, roaming round the room, caught mine and he winked. "A gen'l'man, ol' Antone, which every cassy keeper ain't—an' because he's a gen'l'man, and because some others ain't—" Sam looked around to see if Argand was getting that—"because some others ain't—because some others ain't, I say—an' I could name 'em, too, if I wanted—I could, yes."

I caught another flash from Sam's eyes, and, looking where his eyes pointed, I saw my *Aurora*'s captain and three or four of his crew, who had just come in.

"Name him, Sammie—name him," urged Gil-

just slid feet first away from the bar and on to the floor, flat—and as they slid Argand reaches over and grabs the turkey out of Sam's hand.

That sort of put it up to our national pride—there was six or seven American fishermen in the place—and we waded in, and the French man-of-war's men, they waded in, and it was one fine battle for maybe ten minutes, with nothing in the way of empty bottles, or full ones either, being overlooked. And when we couldn't reach any more chairs or table legs we pulled off our sea boots, and, believe me, a big red jack with a three-quarter-inch sole and an inch and a half of heel—you grab a sea boot o' that size—it don't weigh more than four pounds or so—you grab it by the ears and get a full healthy swing on it



Sam made a couple of tremendous swipes, and then down went the *Aurora*'s captain and one of his crew

oughter know that, Archie. I knew what I was doin'—don't worry. An' that twenty-seventh rollin'! I shook 'em up—spittin' to wind'ard for luck—and lets 'em run. And out they comes a-bowlin'. Seventeen! Cert'nly a fine run-off that, I says, and drops 'em in again, limbers my wrist a couple o' times, and then—two fives and a six—thirty-three! I gathers 'em in again, takes off my cardigan jacket, lays my cigar on the rail, jibes my elbows to each side—'Action,' I says. 'Action.' Yer could hear 'em breathin' a cable length all around me. I curls my fingers over the box, snaps her across an' back again. The len'th of the table they rolled. Three sixes—fifty-one. 'Mong due, yells ol' Antone—'Sank-antoon—not since fifteen year do I see such play.' Well, for another hour they rolled, but that fifty-one was still high-line. I took him away. And alongside this lad when we have him to-morrow, Archie, there'll be a special bottle o' wine—some red-colored wine. I don't know the name of it. Good stuff, though, and ol' Antone gave it to me—a special bottle."

"An' well he might arter all the money you spent there, Sammie."

"An' why not there as well as the next place?

lis. "Name the cross-breed dogfish—name 'im, Sammie, name 'im."

All this was foolish enough, perhaps, but not to Henri Argand, who ran this place. He didn't have reputation enough to be able to stand off and laugh at Sammie and Archie—probably not—for by and by, with four or five helpers, he comes with a rush and in ten seconds it was a mix-up. Sam and Gillis put their backs to the bar and gave battle. There were only the two of them, and the turkey, at first. A great bird a turkey—especially when you swing him by the ankles. Down went a waiter, down went another waiter. Sam made a couple of tremendous swipes, and then down went the *Aurora*'s captain and one of his crew. The *Aurora*'s captain's head, I thought, would be knocked clean off, the way the turkey hit him. Then over went a row of French stokers, and, with a back-handed sweep of the turkey, down went the bartender behind. And Sam and Archie, I could see, were working over to finish the *Aurora*'s new crew, and would've got 'em, too, but Argand, inside the bar, picks up a bung starter, sneaks down and gives Sam and Archie a couple of slick taps over the ear, and down they went—

and let it hit a man anywhere above the water line, and he won't mistake it for any sofa cushion.

It was a fine fight, and I think we'd 'a' won out only for the reinforcements from outside. A liberty party of French man-of-war's men come first, and then the police lads with the red trousers and the swords, and out we went into the street. And when they got us out they locked the doors and barred the windows.

While I was pulling on my red jacks again, out under the lamp, on the corner of the street, up comes Sam and Archie. "Say, Alec," begins Sam, "but you cert'nly laid 'em out with your sea boot."

I thought Sam and Archie would be pretty well smashed up, but there wasn't a mark on 'em except a couple of lumps behind their ears.

"Not us," explained Sam. "Nothin' happened to us except bein' stepped on a few dozen times. But did y' land the rest o' th' *Aurora*'s crew, Alec?"

"I don't know. I swung for 'em, Sam."

"You got 'em all right, and that'll put it out o' their heads to bother with the *Aurora* to-night, though"—he cocked up an ear to the whistle of a

(Continued on page 35)

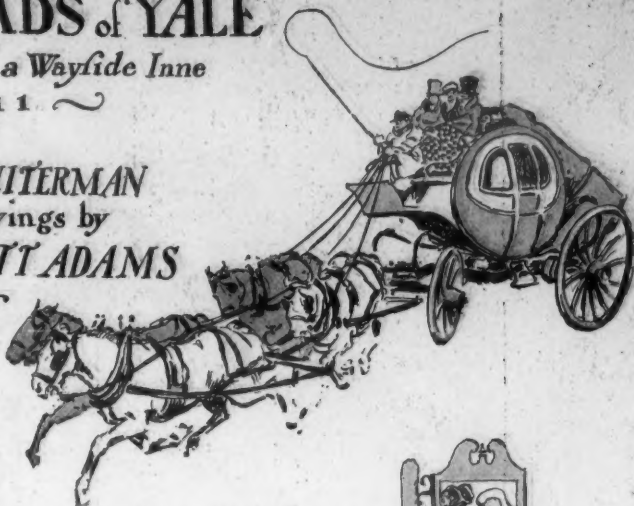


# THREE MERRY LADS of YALE

A Tale of a Wayside Inn  
1811

by

ARTHUR GUITERMAN  
with drawings by  
JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS



(1) There were three merry Lads of Yale  
Who thought it not a Sin  
To crack a Glass with 'Lisha Hale  
Which kept Y Putnam Inne.

(2) So drove they down to Milford Town  
As fast as Coach might go;  
But 'Lisha Hale was wan and pale,  
(His Dame was pale alsoe').



(5) It was a Lad, the College Pride,  
His Looks were mild and sweet:  
Upon the Table Cloth he tied  
A Piece of Sausage Meat.

(3) Said he, "There be an idle Three  
That sit my Board about,  
A noisy Three, but Woe is me,  
I dare not turn them out!

(4) "Of War they prate, of British Hate,  
But little drink or pay;  
With wordy Din they fill mine Inne  
And drive my Guests away!"



(6) It was a Dog, an Idler's Dog,  
Which saw the Sausage fall;  
He snatch'd it up, that greedy Pup-  
And off went Cloth and All!

(7) There were three Men, three angry Men,  
Which, grudging, paid the Score  
With Silver, too, for Breakage due,  
And sadly left the Door.



(8) There be three merry Lads of Yale  
That think it scarce a Sin  
To quaff a Bowl with 'Lisha Hale  
Which keeps Y Putnam Inne.



## A Pilgrim Mother's Christmas Lullaby

By Charles Brandon

**D**ARK the woods of our wilderness are;  
Snows, encumbering, shroud their slumbering.  
High in heaven a silvery star,  
Whitely glimmering, brightly shimmering,  
Looks on river and cabin and tree,  
Beams, my baby, on you and me.  
Shine! O Star of the diadem  
That glowed over Mary at Bethlehem!

**R**UDE the hut of that Mother and Child;  
Angels, hovering, gave them covering.  
Days were troubled and evil and wild;  
Men neglected them, God protected them,  
Kept their way o'er the wanderer's path  
Safe from peril and murderous wrath.  
Father, Father, compassionate still,  
Guard Thou my baby from every ill!

**O**NCE a Baby, like thee, little son,  
Reared in lowliness, grew in holiness.  
Thine the joy of the triumph He won—  
Fetters shivering, Earth delivering,  
Place thy feet in the path that He trod;  
Walk the way of the children of God.  
Rest, oh, rest, little baby, I pray,  
And wake in the glory of Christmas Day!



# The Legend of Dollmatia

The Bold Captain Brings Happiness to the Kingdom

By VANCE THOMPSON

ILLUSTRATED BY OLIVER HERFORD



**O**F A distinguished French family was Mlle. Fifi de Falaru de Bagueville. Her youth had been passed in Paris, and she "came out" at a reception given by the Marquis de Nain Bleu of the Boulevard des Capucines. And so at first the little village on the central tableland of Dollmatia bored her beyond words. She loathed the narrow streets and the tall, white houses, black-windowed and chimneyless, and the white block of a church. She laughed at the simple village maids in yellow dresses and flat red caps, and made fun of the upstanding little soldiers in the square. Fortunately there were in the vil-



He came galloping down High Street, a splendid figure of a doll

lage some girls of her own set, with whom she could speak French; and they strolled to and fro under the conic green trees, talking of Parisian Society and exchanging little porcelain confidences, anecdotes, verdicts. And then one day she saw Captain Shanahan—

He came galloping down High Street, a splendid figure of a doll, in khaki uniform, riding a fleabitten mare. So furiously he came on he might have been riding for his life—children, dogs, goats scurried to right and left as he dashed by; but fast as he rode, for one Supreme Moment their eyes met. Blue looked into blue; that was the way love came to them. Captain Shanahan reared his fleabitten mare back on her haunches and leaped from the saddle. He took Fifi's hands in his.

"I love you," he said simply, but with a slight western accent.

"I know," she said; "we love each other."

That was their wooing. And when he had kissed her she saw how beautiful the little village was. It was as though a veil had been lifted from it. She wondered how she had ever disliked the white block of a church. Now the tall spire, which is painted a glorious crimson, looked like the exclamation mark after "O be joyful!"

**T**HE houses of the village, as you know, are white. They have small black windows and slanting roofs of red or blue. The doors are very narrow, but this doesn't matter, for no one dreams of going in, because the houses are smaller than the people and, anyway, they are solid. So Mlle. Fifi de Falaru de Bagueville and Captain Shanahan lived out of doors like the other villagers. Even at night there was no

danger, for a smoke-colored dog with a red collar painted round his neck was on guard, and a policeman stood, unflinching, in the square. One evening the lovers had walked out to the farm not far away. It was Fifi's favorite walk. She loved to watch the spotted cow grazing in the meadow, the thoughtful horse standing, his head over the top bar of the fence.

"What is the matter, dear?" she asked; "you are strangely preoccupied to-night."

The captain drew the fair French girl closer to his side.

"The time has come. I must speak," he said sadly with a slight western accent; "have you not observed the agitation in the village? Have you seen nothing?"

"I have seen only you, dearest."

"And yet the village is no longer blithe and merry as it used to be. The children do not dance in the square. The maidens do not sing as they go arm in arm. The very men around the tavern door are glum. And you, dear, light-hearted girl, have seen nothing of all this! You do not know the fearful Legend of Dollmatia! Listen, dear."

There in the mysterious twilight he told her the legend of their land.

**I**T IS an old, old legend. It goes back to the beginning of time, before the church steeple was painted.

Underneath all the merriment of the village, underneath the seeming tranquillity of life, ran a dark Torrent of Fear. In the springtime and in the summer the villagers tried not to think of it. They even made light of the Thing that was to happen. Some of the boldest lads pretended they didn't believe in it. Learned old men sprang up on boxes in the square and proved, by logic, it couldn't be; they said it was a Superstition, unworthy of the Enlightened Age in which they lived. They were Loudly Applauded by the Progressive. And one merry wag of a fellow—in a spangled coat—had a Large Following when he sang:

"Happy villagers, dance and play,  
Fits may follow—but dance away!"

But when the sun went into the north and the cold winds blew and the snow came down, the Fear returned. It crept through the village like a fog. And the villagers went about stealthily as though Ghostly Things were conspiring against them. They asked each other: "What if the Legend were true?" Even the Aged Rhetors on the boxes and the Spangled Wag asked: "What if It were true?"

**O**NE thing they knew—

In the cold of the year a Man came to Dollmatia. He was a Man, but a Mountain of a Man, booted and bearded, with a round face, red as the setting sun. Drawn by huge beasts with round eyes and branching horns, he came in a tumult of discordant bells. And with his great hands he gathered up the fear-stricken population, stuffed them, one and all, into a black bag which hung at his back. No one was spared; the ancient Rhetors on boxes, mothers with babies, soldiers, children, lovers—even the tranquil animals of street and farm—were swept away into the Black Gulf of the bag. Upon them all the same dark destiny came down. Had this been all, they might have steeled themselves to meet it bravely—since it was the Common Fate.

But the Legend of Dollmatia whispered of more Awful Things.

The Red-faced Man, bearded, booted, furred, who carried them away was really a Fiend; and his awful name, Kr-r-riss Kr-r-ringle, sounded like the scraping of a jagged Sword on Bones; in his far-away country it was his Joy to take the poor Dollmatians and hang them, one by one, to gigantic trees, ablaze with fire, and leave them to dangle there in eternal torment.

This was the Legend told in Dollmatia when the sun went north; it was the Legend that Captain Shanahan whispered to Fifi in the twilight. She was white with the Fear.

"Oh, save me, save me," she sobbed.

"There must be a way!" he cried with a slight western accent, and, taking heart, he leaped on his mare and caught Fifi up to the saddle.

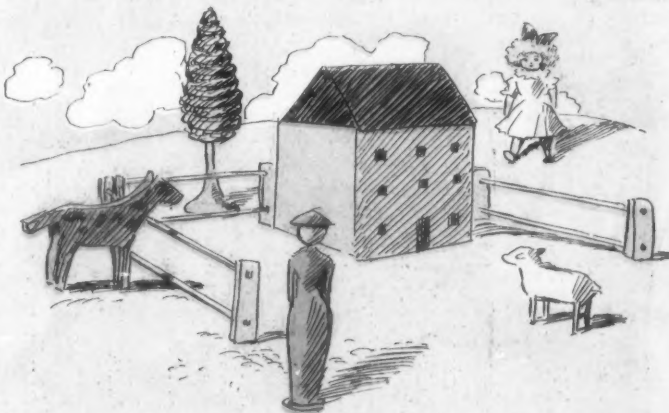
**A** MOMENT later they were galloping at full speed across the tableland. On and on Suddenly Captain Shanahan reined in his fleabitten mare just in time—in another instant they had been over the edge of a precipice, which fell sheer away into the darkness below. On hands and knees Captain Shanahan crept to the verge and looked over.

"It must be hundreds of inches deep," he said with a shudder.

"Let us test it," Fifi suggested; she plucked a feather from her hat and tossed it over; minutes passed as they listened breathlessly—but they did not hear it strike.

"It is a bottomless abyss," said the captain in an awestruck voice; they drew back trembling.

The entire plain they discovered that night was rimmed with this horrible precipice, preventing all escape. Dawn found them back at the village. It was a place of terror. Mothers



She loved to watch the thoughtful horse standing with his head over the top bar of the fence

looked at their Offspring with faces of Stony Despair. A negro in a yellow turban sat on the ground, shouting: "We are all the same inside—I'm only painted black, and the Paint Comes Off!" The policeman told him to move on, but the negro only rolled his eyes and howled. Only



the animals, who had never heard the Legend, went about as usual, stupidly happy.

Then, of a sudden, It happened—

There was the noise of hoofbeats, monstrous and metallic, and the jangling of bells. A Great Voice roared with laughter. Then it was as though a Mountain had loomed up over the tableland of Dollmatia. The terror-stricken Inhabitants dashed this way and that; but Huge Hands swept them up and stuffed them into the Bag.

**SLOWLY** Fifi came to herself. She was lying on the green plain near the precipice. In a little while she remembered. She had been clinging to her lover's arm when the Huge Hand clutched them and lifted them up into the dome of the sky. Fiercely the heroic captain had fought, but in the struggle she had lost her hold and fallen down through the rushing air into



*The policeman told him to move on, but the negro only rolled his eyes and howled*

blessed unconsciousness. How long she had lain she did not know. Weeks passed before she was strong enough to crawl back to the village. The deserted village! But as she drew near she heard voices. Blithe girls from Paris were exchanging porcelain confidences, anecdotes, verdicts. Soldiers were drawn up, as of old, in the village square. Aged Rhetors were talking logic from their boxes. Idlers lounged at the tavern door. Mothers were calling to their children. A dog with a red collar painted round his neck came up and snuffed at her shoes. She did not know the dog. She did not know the people. Another generation, a new generation, had come to the village. She felt lonely and old and unloved. For one moment as she passed the duck pond she was tempted to throw herself into the mirror, but her courage forsook her, and she crept slowly across the square and sank exhausted at the church door.

**THE** year wore away. Once more the sun went to the north. Disconsolate, Fifi was almost glad to feel the cold winds and see the



*Aged Rhetors were talking logic from their boxes*

falling snow. They told her that release from her life of loneliness was near at hand. The cold of the year came. One evening she stood sadly looking out across the plain when she heard a faint cry out of the twilight and her name: "Fifi! Fifi!" Far away she saw a Rocking horseman spurring fast. Then she knew! And for very joy her heart stopped beating. On came the fleabitten

mare, flecked with foam, and then her lover—haggard, wounded, faint from loss of sawdust—leaped to the ground and clasped her in his arms, showering kisses on her eyes and hair and face.

"Fifi, my true love!" he whispered again and again with a slight western accent.

**MODEST** as he was brave, Captain Shanahan did not boast of his fearful adventures on his way back to Dollmatia. To this day Fifi does not know how he escaped from Over There, fought his way back, and scaled the awful precipice. Never a word of all this said the captain, though they have been married for Ages. After that first Maddening Moment, when he clasped her in his arms, he said: "Quick, dear, let us mount the fleabitten mare and travel at Breakneck Speed to the village!"

"Oh, oh!" she shrieked, "have you forgotten the fearsome Ogre, the Mountain who is like a Man, who carried you away a year ago! Pause, beloved!"

Ere she finished he had caught her to the saddle-bow and was spurring over the plain. They came to the village square. There were the little soldiers; they knew they were doomed, but erect they stood, inflexible as Dogmas. The rest of the Population simply wallowed in terror, so great was their dread of Kriss-Kringle, the Man-Mountain, with the Huge Hands that carried them away.

Splendid, indeed, looked the brave Captain Shanahan as he rode into the square, Fifi held fast in his sword arm. He showed no signs of the dangers he had been through; one kiss from his sweetheart's cherry lips had made him well and whole.

He dropped the reins on the neck of the fleabitten mare and raised his left hand for silence. And there was silence. Even the negro doll (he had been a king in his own country) stopped moaning. Then in a clear, distinct voice, though with a slight western accent, the captain began:

**HE SAID:** "People of Dollmatia, I have great news for you. Oh, for generations and generations you have been woefully deceived. You have thought that Kriss-Kringle—"

(At this dread name all the people shuddered—except the soldiers.)

"You have thought



*He leaped on his mare and caught Fifi up to the saddle*

Kriss-Kringle was your Enemy. You believed that he carried you away to the Tree of Torment. People of Dollmatia, hear the good news! The Legend is false! I have Seen the Tree. It is more beautiful than Tonguecantell. It is covered with stars brighter than candles. It shines with Silver and Gold and Majestic Ribbons. Atop of it dances a Fairy in White and Blue. And it is a Universal

Provider of Candies and Comfits!"

(The villagers were all on their feet now with eyes open wide and mouths agape.)

Captain Shanahan went on:

"Best of all, there We stand like Glorious Creatures, to be pointed at and admired and adored. Beautiful Children simply Scream with Delight when they are appointed to Take Care of Us night and day—for the Grown-ups, though good-natured, are not Intelligent enough to be intrusted with such Responsibilities."

"Oh, joy!" cried Captain Shanahan.



*Huge Hands swept them up and stuffed them into the Bag*

W.A.S.W.A., and all the Dollmatians jumped up and down and cried: "Oh, joy! Oh, joy!"

And they said Kriss-Kringle's name over and over again, because it sounded like sugar kisses and honey.

And one poor little Parisian doll, who was Greatly Disliked because (although she was an orphan) she made a nuisance of herself by saying "pap-pa" and "mam-ma" to entire strangers, almost fainted with delight at the thought of meeting real Parents.

So, with outstretched arms and shining eyes, they stood, one and all, waiting for the coming of—

**FAR** off they heard the tinkle of bells, the stamping of reindeer hoofs, the laughter of Good Kriss-Kringle.

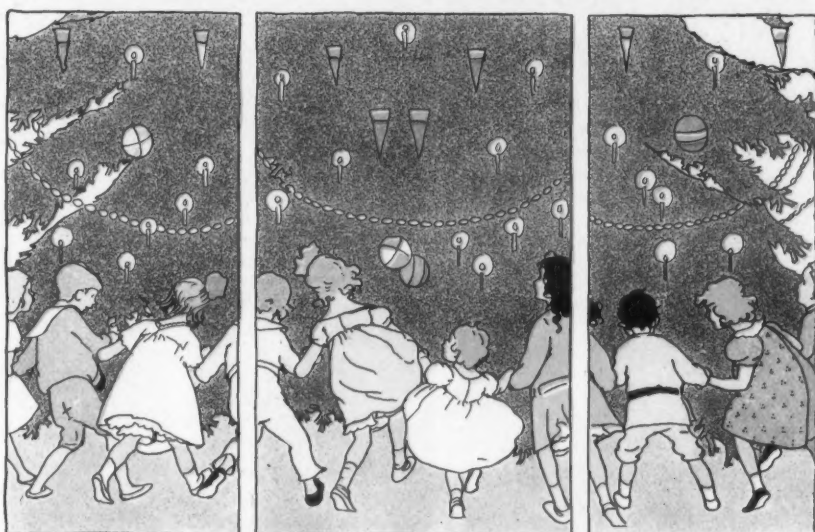
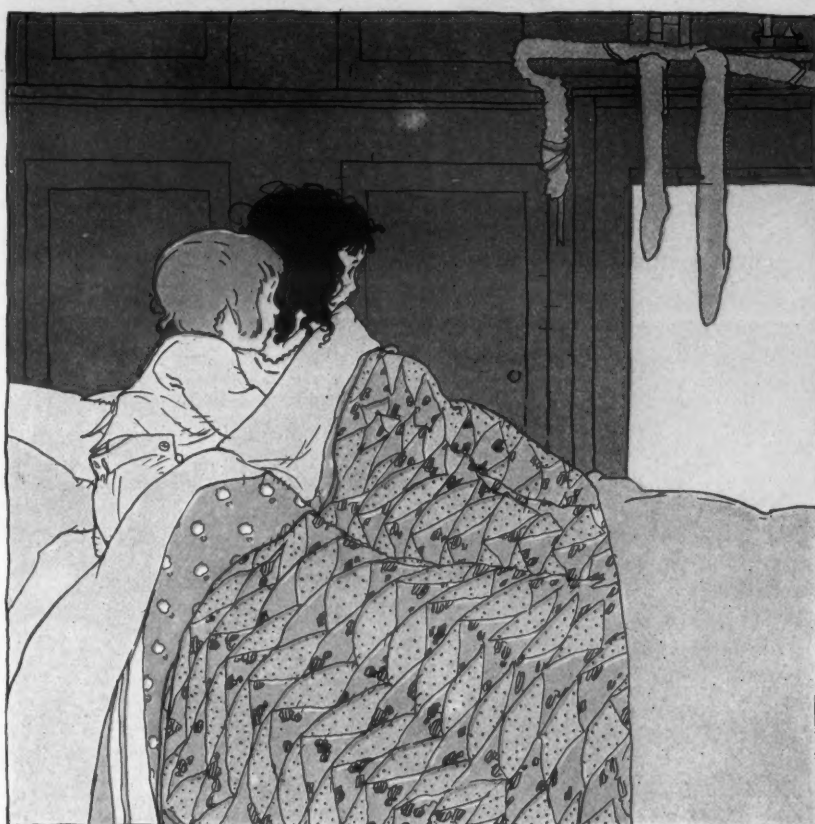
"He's coming, coming, coming!" they cried. They danced with delight and hugged each other.

The captain leaned down and impressed a Rapturous Kiss on the fair lips of Fifi, his bride.

All was Joyous Expectation. For the Fear had vanished forever from the wide world of Dollmatia.

And that is why—as every Student of Physiognomy must have noticed—there is such a look of Calm Beatitude on the faces of Dolls.





MAGNET WRIGHT ENRIGHT

At Christmas play, and make good cheer,  
For Christmas comes but once a year.



*A Christmas Feast Below the Water Line in One of the Dreadnoughts of the U. S. Navy*

DRAWN BY HENRY REUTERDAHL



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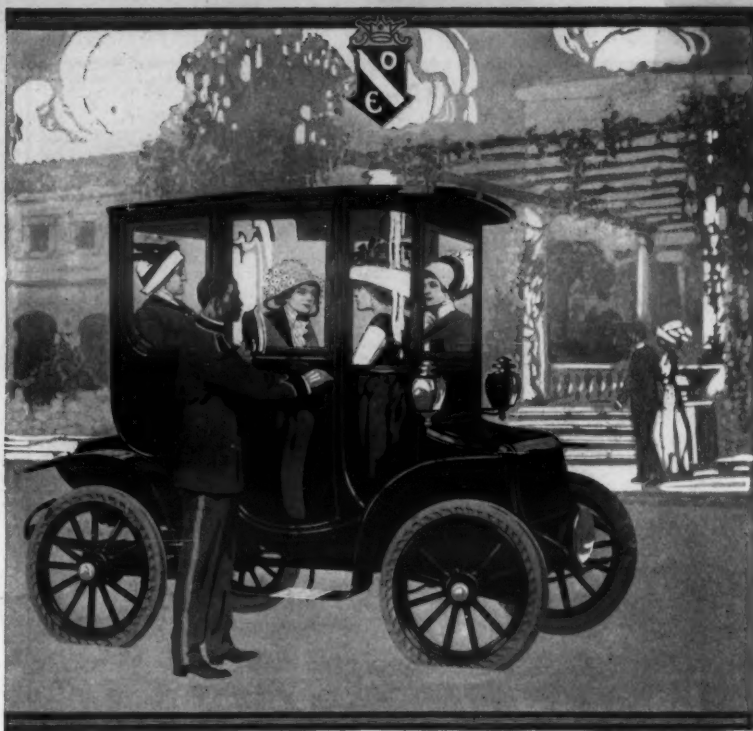
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## Back There in the Grass

(Continued from page 18)

"I don't know about grasses," he said, "but I found something very curious that I want to show you and ask your advice about. Are you going to share my house?"

"I think I'll keep headquarters on the schooner," I said, "but if you'll put me up now and then for a meal or for the night—"

"I'll put you up for lunch right now," he said, "if you'll come. I'm my own cook and bottle washer since the taboo, but I must say the change isn't for the worse so far as food goes."

He was looking and speaking more cheerful.

"May I bring Don?"

He hesitated.

"Why—yes—of course."

"If you'd rather not?"

"No, bring him. I want to make friends again if I can."

So we started for Graves's house, Don very close at my heels.

"Graves," I said, "surely a taboo by a lot of fool islanders hasn't upset you. There's something on your mind. Bad news?"

"Oh, no," he said. "She's coming. It's other things. I'll tell you by and by—everything. Don't mind me. I'm all right. Listen to the wind in the grass. That sound day and night is enough to put a man off his feed."

"You say you found something very curious back there in the grass?"

"I found, among other things, a stone monolith. It's fallen down, but it's almost as big as the Flatiron Building in New York. It's ancient as days—all carved—it's a sort of woman, I think. But we'll go back one day and have a look at it. Then, of course, I saw all the different kinds of grasses in the world—they'd interest you more—but I'm such a punk botanist that I gave up trying to tell 'em apart. I liked the flowers best—there's millions of 'em—down among the grasses. . . . I tell you, old man, this island is the greatest curiosity shop in the whole world."

He unlocked the door of his house and stood aside for me to go in first.

"Shut up, Don!"

THE dog growled savagely, but I banged him with my open hand across the snout, and he quieted down and followed into the house, all tense and watchful.

On the edge of Graves's writing table, with its legs hanging over, was what I took to be an idol of some light brownish wood—say sandalwood, with a touch of pink. But it was the most lifelike and astounding piece of carving I ever saw in the islands or out of them. It was about a foot high, and represented a Polynesian woman in the prime of life, say, fifteen or sixteen years old, only the features were finer and cleaner carved. It was a nude, in an attitude of easy repose—the legs hanging, the toes dangling—the hands resting, palms downward, on the blotter, the trunk relaxed. The eyes, which were a kind of steely blue, seemed to have been made, depth upon depth, of some wonderful translucent enamel, and to make his work still more realistic the artist had planted the statuette's eyebrows, eyelashes, and scalp with real hair, very soft and silky, brown on the head and black for the lashes and eyebrows. The thing was so lifelike that it frightened me. And when Don began to growl like distant thunder I didn't blame him. But I leaned over and caught him by the collar, because it was evident that he wanted to get at that statuette and destroy it.

When I looked up the statuette's eyes had moved. They were turned downward upon the dog, with cool curiosity and indifference. A kind of shudder went through me. And then, lo and behold, the statuette's tiny brown breasts rose and fell slowly, and a long breath came out of its nostrils.

I BACKED violently into Graves, dragging Don with me and half choking him.

"My God Almighty!" I said. "It's alive."

"Isn't she!" said he. "I caught her back there in the grass—the little minx. And when I heard your signal I put her up on that table to keep her out of mischief. It's too high for her to jump—and she's very sore about it."

"You found her in the grass," I said.

"For God's sake—are there more of them?"

"Thick as quail," said he, "but it's hard to get a sight of 'em. But you were overcome by curiosity, weren't you, old girl? You came out to have a look at the big white giant and he caught you with his thumb and forefinger by the scruff of the neck—so you couldn't bite him—and here you are."

The womankin's lips parted, and I saw a flash of white teeth. She looked up into Graves's face and the steely eyes soft-

ened. It was evident that she was very fond of him.

"Rum sort of a pet," said Graves.

"What?"

"Rum?" I said. "It's horrible—it isn't decent—it ought to be taboo. Don't got it sized up right. He—he wants to kill it."

"Please don't keep calling her It," said Graves. "She wouldn't like it—if she understood." Then he whispered words that were Greek to me, and the womankin laughed aloud. Her laugh was sweet and tinkly, like the upper notes of a spinnet.

"You can speak her language?"

"A few words—Tog ma Lao?"

"Na!"

"Aba Ton sug ato."

"Nan Tane dom ud lon anea!"

It sounded like that—only all whispered and very soft. It sounded a little like the wind in the grass.

"She says she isn't afraid of the dog," said Graves, "and that he'd better let her alone."

"I almost hope he won't," said I. "Come outside. I don't like her. I think I've got a touch of the horrors."

GRAVES remained behind a moment to lift the womankin down from the table, and when he rejoined me I had made up my mind to talk to him like a father.

"Graves," I said, "although that creature in there is only a foot high, it isn't a pig or a monkey, it's a woman, and you're guilty of what's considered a pretty ugly crime at home—abduction. You've stolen this woman away from kith and kin, and the least you can do is to carry her back where you found her and turn her loose. Let me ask you one thing—what would Miss Chester think?"

"Oh, that doesn't worry me," said Graves. "But I am worried—worried sick. It's early—shall we talk now, or wait till after lunch?"

"Now," I said.

"Well," said he, "you left me pretty well enthused on the subject of botany—so I went back there twice to look up grasses for you. The second time I went I got to a deep sort of valley where the grass is waist high—that, by the way, is where the big monolith is—and that place was alive with things that were frightened and ran. I could see the directions they took by the way the grass tops acted. There were lots of loose stones about and I began to throw 'em to see if I could knock one of the things over. Suddenly all at once I saw a pair of bright little eyes peering out of a bunch of grass—I let fly at them, and something gave a sort of moan and thrashed about in the grass—and then lay still. I went to look, and found that I'd stunned—her. She came to and tried to bite me, but I had her by the scruff of the neck and she couldn't. Further, she was sick with being hit in the chest with the stone, and first thing I knew she keeled over in the palm of my hand in a dead faint. I couldn't find any water or anything—and I didn't want her to die—so I brought her home. She was sick for a week—and I took care of her—as I would a sick pup—and she began to get well and want to play and romp and poke into everything. She got the lower drawer of my desk open and hid in it—or crawl into a rubber boot and play house. And she got to be right good company—same as any pet does—cat or a dog—or a monkey—and naturally she being so small, I couldn't think of her as anything but a sort of little beast that I'd caught and tamed. . . . You see how it all happened, don't you? Might have happened to anybody."

"Why, yes," I said. "If she didn't give a man the horrors right at the start—I can understand making a sort of pet of her—but, man, there's only one thing to do. Be persuaded. Take her back where you found her, and turn her loose."

"Well and good," said Graves. "I tried that, and next morning I found her at my door, sobbing—horrible dry sobs—no tears. . . . You've said one thing that's full of sense: she isn't a pig—or a monkey—she's a woman."

"You don't mean to say," said I, "that that mite of a thing is in love with you?"

"I don't know what else you'd call it," said Graves. "I said, 'Miss Chester arrives by the next steamer. In the mean while something has got to be done.'"

"What?" said he helplessly.

"I don't know," I said. "Let me think."

The dog Don laid his head heavily on my knee, as if he wished to offer a solution of the difficulty.

A WEEK before Miss Chester's steamer was due the situation had not changed. Graves's pet was as much a fixture of Graves's house as the front door. And a man was never confronted with





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## Back There in the Grass

(Continued from page 30)

more serious problem. Twice he carried her back into the grass and deserted her, and each time she returned and was found sobbing—horrible dry sobs—on the porch. And a number of times we took her, or Graves did, in the pocket of his jacket, upon systematic searches for her people. Doubtless she could have helped us to find them, but she wouldn't. She was very sullen on these expeditions and frightened. When Graves tried to put her down she would cling to him, and it took real force to pry her loose.

In the open she could run like a rat; and in open country it would have been impossible to desert her; she would have followed at Graves's heels as fast as he could move them. But forcing through the thick grass tired her after a few hundred yards, and she would gradually drop farther and farther behind—sobbing. There was a pathetic side to it.

She hated me. And made no bones about it; but there was an armed truce between us. She feared my influence over Graves, and I feared her—well, just as some people fear rats or snakes. Things utterly out of the normal always do worry me, and Bo, which was the name Graves had learned for her, was, so far as I know, unique in human experience. In appearance she was like an unusually good-looking island girl observed through the wrong end of an opera glass, but in habit and action she was different. She would catch flies and little grasshoppers and eat them all alive and kicking, and if you teased her more than she liked her ears would flatten the way a cat's do, and she would hiss like a snapping turtle, and show her teeth.

But one got accustomed to her. Even poor Don learned that it was not his duty to punish her with one bound and a snap. But he would never let her touch him, believing that in her case discretion was the better part of valor. If she approached him he withdrew, always with dignity, but equally with determination. He knew in his heart that something about her was horribly wrong, and against nature. I knew it, too, and I think Graves began to suspect it.

WELL, a day came when Graves, who had been up since dawn, saw the smoke of a steamer along the horizon, and began to fire off his revolver so that I, too, might wake and participate in his joy. I made tea and went ashore.

"It's her steamer," he said.

"Yes," said I, "and we've got to decide something."

"About Bo?"

"Suppose I take her off your hands—for a week or so—till you and Miss Chester have settled down and put your house in order. Then Miss Chester—Mrs. Graves, that is—can decide what is to be done. I admit that I'd rather wash my hands of the business—but I'm the only white man available, and I propose to stand by my race. Don't say a word to Bo—just bring her out to the schooner, and leave her."

In the upshot Graves accepted my offer, and while Bo, fairly bristling with excitement and curiosity, was exploring the farther corners of my cabin, we slipped out and locked the door on her. The minute she knew what had happened she began to tear around and raise Cain. It sounded a little like a cat having a fit.

Graves was white and unhappy. "Let's get away quick," he said; "I feel like a skunk."

But Miss Chester was everything that her photograph said about her, and more too, so that the trick he had played Bo was very soon a negligible weight on Graves's mind.

If the wedding was quick and business-like, it was also jolly and romantic. The oldest passenger gave the bride away. All the crew came aft and sang "The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden That Earliest Wedding-Day"—to the tune called "Blairgowrie." They had worked it up in secret for a surprise. And the bride's dove-brown eyes got a little teary. I was best man. The captain read the service, and choked occasionally. As for Graves—I had never thought him handsome—well, with his brown face and white linen suit, he made me think, and I'm sure I don't know why, of St. Michael—that time he overcame Lucifer. The captain blew us to breakfast with champagne and a cake, and then the happy pair went ashore in a boat full of the bride's trousseau, and the crew manned the bulwarks and gave three cheers, and then something like twenty-seven more, and last thing of all the brass cannon was fired, and the little square flags that spell G-o-o-d L-u-c-k were run up on the signal halyards.

As for me, I went back to my schooner, feeling blue and lonely. I knew little about women and less about love. It



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## Back There in the Grass

(Concluded from page 31)

didn't seem quite fair. For once I hated my profession—seed gatherer to a body of scientific gentlemen whom I had never seen. Well, there's nothing so good for the blues as putting things in order.

I cleaned my rifle and revolver. I wrote up my note-book. I developed some plates; I studied a brand-new book on South Sea grasses that had been sent out to me, and I found some mistakes. I went ashore with Don, and had a long walk on the beach—in the opposite direction from Graves's house, of course—and I sent Don into the water after sticks, and he seemed to enjoy it, and so I stripped and went in with him. Then I dried in the sun, and had a match with my hands to see which could find the tiniest shell. Toward dusk we returned to the schooner and had dinner, and after that I went into my cabin to see how Bo was getting on.

SHE flew at me like a cat, and if I hadn't jerked my foot back she must have bitten me. As it was, her teeth tore a piece out of my trousers. I'm afraid I kicked her. Anyway I heard her land with a crash in a far corner. I struck a match and lighted candles—they are cooler than lamps—very warily—one eye on Bo. She had retreated under a chair, and looked out—very sullen and angry. I sat down and began to talk to her. “It's no use,” I said, “you're trying to bite and scratch; because you're only as big as a minute. So come out here and make friends. I don't like you and you don't like me; but we're going to be thrown together for quite some time, so we'd better make the best of it. You come out here, and behave pretty and I'll give you a bit of gingersnap.”

The last word was intelligible to her, and she came a little way out from under the chair. I had a bit of gingersnap in my pocket, left over from treating Don, and I tossed it on the floor midway between us. She darted forward and ate it with quick bites.

Well, then, she looked up, and her eyes asked—just as plain as day: “Why are things thus? Why have I come to live with you? I don't like you. I want to go back to Graves.”

I couldn't explain very well, and just shook my head and then went on trying to make friends—it was no use. She hated me, and after a time I got bored. I threw a pillow on the floor for her to sleep on, and left her. Well, the minute the door was shut and locked she began to sob. You could hear her for quite a distance, and I couldn't stand it. So I went back—and talked to her as nicely and soothingly as I could. But she wouldn't even look at me—just lay face down—heaving and sobbing.

Now I don't like little creatures that snap—so when I picked her up it was by the scruff of the neck. She had to face me then, and I saw that in spite of all the sobbing her eyes were perfectly dry. That struck me as curious. I examined them through a pocket magnifying glass, and discovered that they had no tear-ducts. Of course she couldn't cry. Perhaps I squeezed the back of her neck harder than I meant to—anyway her lips began to draw back and her teeth to show.

It was exactly at that second that I recalled the legend Graves had told me about the island woman being found dead, and all black and swollen, back there in the grass, with teeth marks on her that looked as if they had been made by a very little child.

I forced Bo's mouth wide open, and looked in. Then I reached for a candle and held it steadily between her face and mine. She struggled furiously so that I had to put down the candle and catch her legs together in my free hand. But I had seen enough. I felt wet and cold all over. For if the swollen glands at the base of the deeply grooved canines meant anything, that which I held between my hands was not a woman—but a snake.

I put her in a wooden box that had contained soap and nailed slats over the top. And, personally, I was quite willing to put scrap-iron in the box with her, and fling it overboard. But I did not feel quite justified without consulting Graves.

As an extra precaution in case of acci-

dents, I overhauled my medicine chest and made up a little package for the breast pocket—a lancet, a rubber bandage, and a pill-box full of permanganate crystals. I had still much collecting to do, “back there in the grass,” and I did not propose to step on any of Bo's cousins or her sisters or her aunts—without having some of the elementary first-aids to the snake-bitten handy.

It was a lovely starry night, and I determined to sleep on deck. Before turning in I went to have a look at Bo. Having nailed her in a box securely, as I thought, I must have left my cabin door ajar. Anyhow she was gone. She must have braced her back against one side of the box, her feet against the other, and burst it open. I had most certainly underestimated her strength and resources.

The crew, warned of peril, searched the whole schooner over, slowly and methodically, lighted by lanterns. We could not find her. Well, swimming comes natural to snakes.

I went ashore as quickly as I could get a boat manned and rowed. I took Don on a leash, a shotgun loaded, and both pockets of my jacket full of cartridges. We ran swiftly along the beach, Don and I, and then turned into the grass to make a short cut for Graves's house. All of a sudden Don began to tremble with eagerness and nuzzle and sniff among the roots of the grass. He was “making game.”

“Good Don,” I said, “good boy—hunt her up! Find her!”

The moon had risen. I saw two figures standing in the porch of Graves's house. I was about to call to them and warn Graves that Bo was loose and dangerous—when a scream—shrill and frightful—rang in my ears. I saw Graves turn to his bride and catch her in his arms.

When I came up she had collected her senses and was behaving splendidly. While Graves fetched a lantern and water she sat down on the porch, her back against the house, and undid her garter, so that I could pull the stocking off her bitten foot. Her instep, into which Bo's venomous teeth had sunk, was already swollen and discolored. I slashed the teeth-marks this way and that with my lancet. And Mrs. Graves kept saying: “All right—all right—don't mind me—do what's best.”

Don's leash had wedged between two of the porch planks, and all the time we were working over Mrs. Graves he whined and struggled to get loose.

“Graves,” I said, when we had done what we could, “if your wife begins to seem faint, give her brandy—just a very little—at a time—and—I think we were in time—and for God's sake don't ever let her know *why* she was bitten—or by *what*—”

Then I turned and freed Don and took off his leash.

The moonlight was now very white and brilliant. In the sandy path that led from Graves's porch I saw the print of feet—shaped just like human feet—less than an inch long. I made Don smell them, and said:

“Hunt close, boy! Hunt close!”

THUS hunting, we moved slowly through the grass toward the interior of the island. The scent grew hotter—suddenly Don began to move more stiffly—as if he had the rheumatism—his eyes straight ahead saw something that I could not see—the tip of his tail vibrated furiously—he sank lower and lower—his legs worked more and more stiffly—his head was thrust forward to the full stretch of his neck toward a thick clump of grass. In the act of taking a wary step he came to a dead halt—his right forepaw just clear of the ground. The tip of his tail stopped vibrating. The tail itself stood straight out behind him and became rigid like a bar of iron. I never saw a stancher point.

“Steady, boy!”

I pushed forward the safety of my shotgun and stood at attention.

“How is she?”

“Seems to be pulling through. I heard you fire both barrels. What luck?”

## The Sailorman

(Continued from page 15)

Among the other rules of conduct that she imposed upon herself was not to think of Latimer. At least, not during the waking hours. Should she, as it sometimes happened, dream of him—should she imagine they were again seated among the pines, riding across the downs, or racing at fifty miles an hour through country roads, with the stone fences flying past, with the wind and the sun in their eyes,

and in their hearts happiness and content—that would not be breaking her rule. If she dreamed of him, she could not be held responsible. She could only be grateful.

And then, just as she had banished him entirely from her mind, he came East. Not as once he had planned to come, only to see her, but with a blare of trumpets, at the command of many citizens, as the guest of three cities. He was to speak



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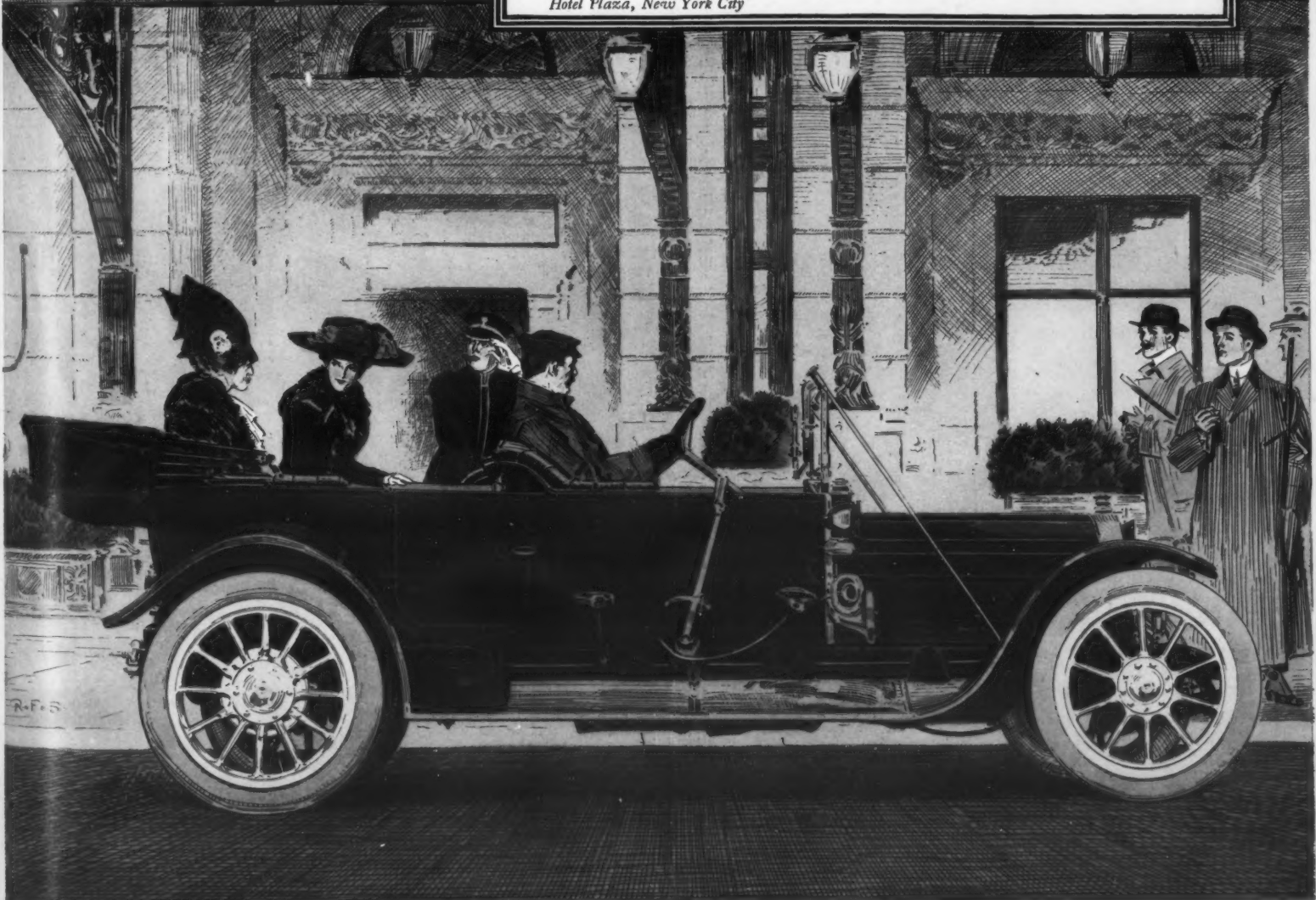
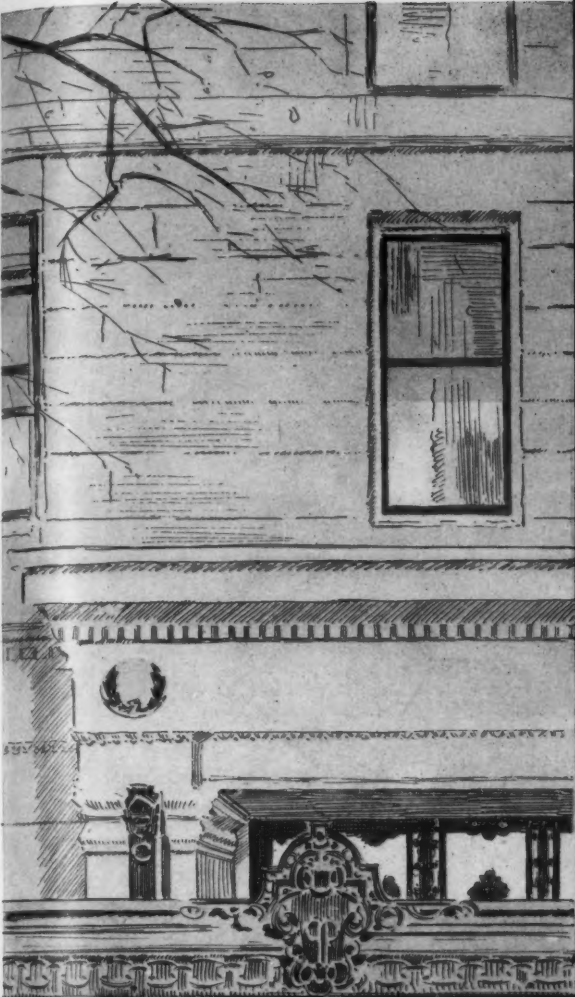
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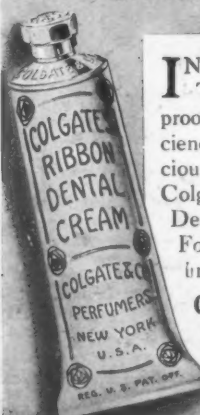
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## The Sailorman

(Continued from page 32)

at public meetings, to confer with party leaders, to carry the war into the enemy's country. He was due to speak in Boston at Faneuil Hall on the first of May, and that same night to leave for the West, and three days before his coming Helen fled from the city. He had spoken his message to Philadelphia, he had spoken to New York, and for a week the papers had spoken only of him. And for that week, from the sight of his printed name, from sketches of him exhorting cheering mobs, from snapshots of him on rear platforms leaning forward to grasp eager hands, Helen had shut her eyes. And that during the time he was actually in Boston she might spare herself further and more direct attacks upon her feelings she escaped to Fair Harbor, there to remain until, on the first of May at midnight, he again would pass out of her life, maybe forever. No one saw in her going any significance. Spring had come, and in preparation for the summer season the house at Fair Harbor must be opened and set in order, and the presence there of some one of the Page family was easily explained.

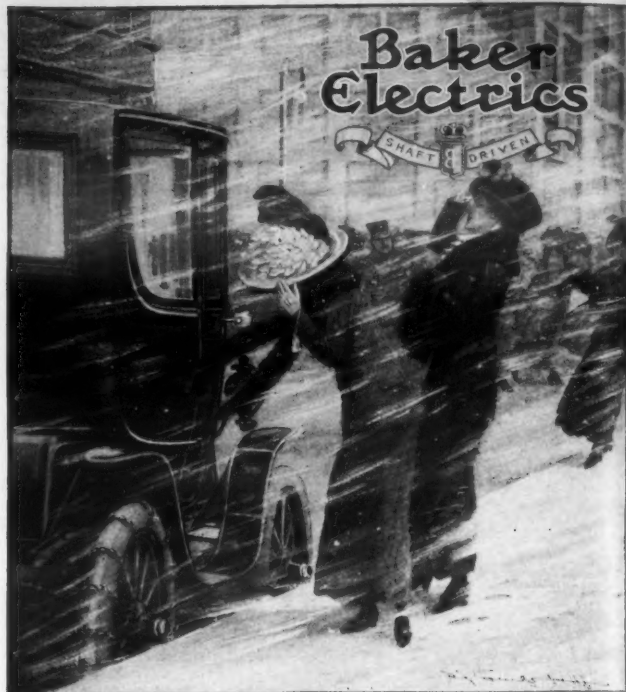
SHE made the three hours' run to Fair Harbor in her car, driving it herself, and as the familiar land falls fell into place, she doubted if it would not have been wiser had she stayed away. For she found that the memories of more than twenty summers at Fair Harbor had been wiped out by those of one summer, by those of one man. The natives greeted her joyously: the boatmen, the fishermen, her own grooms and gardeners, the village postmaster, the oldest inhabitant. They welcomed her as though they were her vassals and she their queen. But it was the one man she had exiled from Fair Harbor who at every turn wrung her heart and caused her throat to tighten. She passed the cottage where he had lodged, and hundreds of years seemed to have gone since she used to wait for him in the street, blowing noisily on her automobile horn, calling derisively to his open windows. Wherever she turned Fair Harbor spoke of him. The golf links; the bathing beach; the ugly corner in the main street where he always reminded her that it was better to go slow for ten seconds than to remain a long time dead; the old house on the stone wharf where the schooners made fast, which he intended to borrow for his honeymoon; the wooden trough where they always drew rein to water the ponies; the pond into which he had waded to bring her lilies.

On the second day of her stay she found she was passing these places purposely, that to do so she was going out of her way. They no longer distressed her, but gave her a strange comfort. They were old friends, who had known her in the days when she was rich in happiness.

But the secret hiding place—their very own hiding place, the opening among the pines that overhung the jumble of rocks and the sea—she could not bring herself to visit. And then, on the afternoon of the third day when she was driving alone toward the lighthouse, her pony of his own accord, from force of habit, turned smartly into the wood road. And again from force of habit, before he reached the spot that overlooked the sea, he came to a full stop. There was no need to make him fast. For hours, stretching over many summer days, he had stood under those same branches patiently waiting.

ON foot, her heart beating tremulously, stepping reverently, as one enters the aisle of some dim cathedral, Helen advanced into the sacred circle. And then she stood quite still. What she had expected to find there she could not have told, but it was gone. The place was unknown to her. She saw an opening among gloomy pines, empty, silent, unreal. No haunted house, no barren moor, no neglected graveyard ever spoke more poignantly, more mournfully, with such utter hopelessness. There was no sign of his or of her former presence. Across the open space something had passed its hand, and it had changed. What had been a trysting place, a bower, a nest, had become a tomb. A tomb, she felt, for something that once had been brave, fine, and beautiful, but which now was dead. She had but one desire, to escape from the place, to put it away from her forever, to remember it, not as she now found it, but as first she had remembered it, and as now she must always remember it. She turned softly on tiptoe as one who has intruded on a shrine.

But before she could escape there came from the sea a sudden gust of wind that caught her by the skirts and drew her back, that set the branches tossing and swept the dead leaves racing about her



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## The Sailorman

(Concluded from page 34)

ankles. And at the same instant from just above her head there beat upon the air a violent, joyous tattoo—a sound that was, neither of the sea nor of the woods, a creaking, swiftly repeated sound, like the flutter of caged wings.

Helen turned in alarm and raised her eyes—and beheld the sailorman.

Tossing his arms in a delirious welcome, waltzing in a frenzy of joy, calling her back to him with wild beckonings, she saw him smiling down at her with the same radiant, beseeching, worshipping smile. In Helen's ears Latimer's commands to the sailorman rang as clearly as though Latimer stood before her and had just spoken. Only now they were no longer a jest; they were a vow, a promise, an oath of allegiance that brought to her peace, and pride, and happiness.

"So long as I love this beautiful lady," had been his foolish words, "you will guard this place. It is a life sentence!"

With one hand Helen Page dragged down the branch on which the sailorman stood, with the other she snatched him from his post of duty. With a joyous laugh that was a sob, she clutched the sailorman in both her hands and kissed the beseeching, worshipping smile.

AN hour later her car, on its way to Boston, passed through Fair Harbor at a rate of speed that caused her chauffeur to pray between his chattering teeth that the first policeman would save their lives by landing them in jail.

At the wheel, her shoulders thrown forward, her eyes searching the dark places beyond the reach of the leaping headlights, Helen Page raced against time, against the minions of the law, against sudden death, to beat the midnight train out of Boston, to assure the man she loved of the one thing that could make his life worth living.

And close against her heart, buttoned tight beneath her greatcoat, the sailorman smiled in the darkness, his long watch over, his soul at peace, his duty well performed.

## Aurora Borealis

(Continued from page 22)

rising breeze—"it begins to feel like they wouldn't 'a' gone out anyway—it's breezing up so."

"Where's she layin'?"

"Off the end o' the big dock. An' if it keeps on breezin' they won't be goin' out in the mornin' either. A bad time anyway to put out on a cruise—Christmas Day. But what d'y' say, Alec, if we take a look around the place?"

We'd got a pretty good start for Christmas Eve, and around Saint Pierre we went, Sam and Archie and four men of the *Lucy Foster's* crew who'd been in the mix-up. They were ready to tear things up, but there wasn't much to tear up, because everybody heard us coming, and whenever we'd get to a place, we'd find the doors locked and the windows barred. The only place not locked that night was the little cathedral, and by and by, when we found there was no place else to go, we all went in there.

It was a midnight mass being celebrated, and it was the sound of the choir voices coming from there that got us, and, Catholics or no, no matter, we all went in and heard mass, too, and when we came out, not feeling like trouble any more, we all went down to old Antone's and turned in.

CHRISTMAS morning everybody was feeling better, all but Sam Leary and me. I was thinking of my vessel, and Sam of his big turkey. He wanted to get that turkey. He wasn't going to leave Saint Pierre till he got it back. No, sir, he wasn't. And he had a pretty good notion just where it was then. Up to Argand's, cooking for Henri's Christmas dinner. Or maybe him gettin' fifty cents a plate for it for customers' dinners. And he'd cut up for about forty platefuls. And for forty plates at fifty cents or two francs a plate. "Mong doo an' sankantoon," yells Sam all at once. "Come on, Archie—come on, fellows"—and up the street went Sam and Archie and the four of the *Lucy Foster's* crew to see about the turkey.

But that wasn't getting me my vessel, and I went down to the water front to look for her. There she was, my lovely *Aurora*, to anchor in the stream, and there was me on the end of the dock looking at her, and that's all I could do—look at her. She was lying to two anchors and with her mains'l standing. A little further off shore and even her two anchors couldn't 've kept her from dragging and piling up on the rocks with that mains'l up, for a rocky



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## **Aurora Borealis**

(Continued from page 35)

harbor is Saint Pierre, and now it was blowing a living gale of wind.

While I was standing there on the big dock, along comes the trader Miller with another chap. He must 've seen me, but he pretended not, and I didn't make any sign I saw him. He pointed out the Aurora to the man, saying a few things in French. And then he raised his voice.

"When it moderates she will depart—and with a car-go," he said—the last in English, and by that I knew he meant it for me. "Go on," I grit out, "go on, have your fun."

"Yes, I pur-chased her ver-ry cheap," goes on Miller, and then a great racket, and down the dock on the run comes Sam with his big turkey, which was all cooked, I could see, fine and brown—and Archie behind Sam and the four Lucy Foster men behind Archie and behind them again a bunch of Argand's waiters and the gendarmes with the red trousers and swords.

**T**HERE was a dory tied up to the end of the dock, I don't know who owned it, but there it was. "Come on—jump in," I yells, and all hands piled in, and we shoved off—all in one motion almost, and by the time Argand's crowd got to the string-piece we were a vessel length away, and pulling like homeward bound.

"Lay to it," I kept saying to them. "Aye, lay to it, and we'll eat that turkey for Christmas yet," yells Sam.

"Lay to it, and we'll have more than the turkey," I says.

"What's that we'll have, Alec?" hollers Sam.

"Pull to the Aurora and see," I hollers back. It was blowing so hard we could hardly hear each other, and what with the chop we were driving the dory through we might's well have been in swimming.

We made the Aurora, and, looking back as I leaped over her rail, I could see Miller running back up the dock.

"Hurry, fellows," I yells to them, "Miller's gone to head us off."

As we drops onto the Aurora's deck a head pops out of the fo'e's'le companion-way. He looked like he'd just come out of a fine sleep. "You, I yelled, "allay you—rauss—beat it," and rushed him to the dory we'd just come aboard in. He looks up at me in the most puzzled way. Two more heads popped up out of the companionway. "And allay you two," yells Sam and Archie, and grabs 'em and heaves 'em into the dory, casts off her painter, and they drifts off like men in a trance.

One minute they were sound asleep in their bunks and the next adrift and half-dressed in a dory in the middle of the harbor with a gale of wind roaring in their ears and a choppy sea wetting 'em down.

"In with her chain-anchor slack," I calls, "and then up with her jibs," which they did. "And now her fores'l—up with her fores'l." Then we broke out her chain-anchor. I was to the wheel and knew the second the anchor was clear of the bottom by the way she leaped under me. "Don't stop to cat-head that anchor," I calls, "but cut her hawser." They cut her hawser free, and with the big anchor-rope kinking through the hawse-hole, away went the Aurora, picking up, as she went, the chain-anchor with its eight or ten fathoms of chain still out and tucking it under her bilge; and there that anchor stayed, jammed hard against her bottom planking, while she rushed across the harbor.

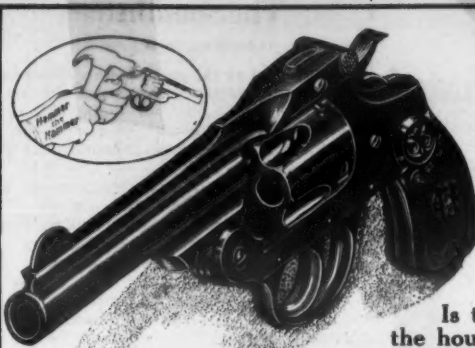
"Now," I said, "let's see if we c'n work out of this blessed pocket without somebody having to notify the insurance companies afterward."

All along the water front the people by now were crowding to look at us. All they saw was an American fishing schooner with a crazy American crew trying to pick her way through a crowded harbor with all four lowers set in a living gale.

We were across the harbor in no time. "Stand by now—stand by sheets," I sung out. Steady as statues they waited for the word, and when they got it—"Har-r-d a-lee-e!" Whf-f the steam came out of them, and the busiest of all was Sam Leary, with the big turkey between his feet.

As she came around I was afraid her anchor would take bottom and her way be checked. It did touch, but the Aurora spun on her toes so quick that before that anchor knew it was down the Aurora was off and flying free again.

**A**LL this time I was looking around for Miller, and at last I saw him in a little power boat. He had the French gunboat in mind that was due, but his craft was making heavy weather of it, and before he was halfway to the gunboat we were under her stern, on our shoot for the harbor entrance, and from the gunboat's deck they were peeping down on us, grinning



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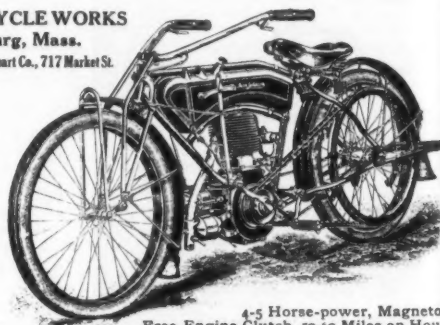
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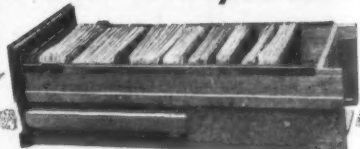
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## Aurora Borealis

(Continued from page 36)

and yelling the same as everybody else, waiting to see us pile up on the rocks somewhere.

But no rocks for the Aurora that Christmas Day. She knew what we wanted of her. There's a spindle beacon in Saint Pierre Harbor, white-painted slats on a white-painted rock sticking out of the water, and there was a French packet lying to the other side. We had to go between. I knew they were betting a hundred to one we'd hit one or the other.

We weathered the packet and squeezed by the beacon. The end of our long bowsprit did hit the white-painted slats, gave 'em a good healthy wallop, but that wasn't any surprise—we figured on going close. We were by and safe, and looking back from the wheel to mark her wake swashing over the very rock itself, I had to whisper to her: "Aurora, girl, you're all I ever said you were." But if you'd seen her, the big spars of her, the set of her rigging, the fine-fitting sails, the beautiful line of the rail, and the straight flat deck, you'd have to admit it wasn't any surprise. You couldn't 've done it with every vessel—but the Aurora! A great bit of wood, the Aurora!

And looking past her wake, I picked out Miller's motor boat along inside the French gunboat. But no gunboat was worrying me then. They might chase me, but the gunboat wasn't afloat that could 've chased and caught the Aurora in that gale. A man didn't need to be a French captain to know that.

But for fear they might chase us, I kept her going. And after we'd had time to get our breath, we took a peek into her hold. And it was loaded with cases—wine, brandy—liquors of all kinds. And the gang said: "How about it, skipper?" And I said: "Help yourself—you've earned it," and they helped themselves.

AND they had their promised Christmas dinner. The turkey had only to be warmed up. After it was warmed up, it was fine to hear Sam telling about the recapturing of it. "He was in the kitchen—just been hauled out the oven—and the chef, he was standing over him with a big carving knife, when I spots the pair of 'em through the window. "Stand by, fellows," I hollers, and jumps through the window and grabs the carving knife and chases cheffie out the room with it. And back through the window comes me and the turk. An' they all hollers murder and comes after us. And look at him now! Twenty-five pounds he weighs—the biggest turkey, I'm tellin' you, ever sailed out of ol' Saint Peer. A whale, twenty-five pounds as he lies there. And four kinds of wine—four kinds. Cassie, champagne, claret, which you don't have to drink 'less you want to, and that red-colored wine I don't know the name of, but good stuff—I sampled it. And that's what I call a Christmas dinner.

And I guess it was. Pretty soon they were hopping around like a lot of leaping goats. The best-natured crowd ever you see, mind, but it was Christmas Day, and they'd done a good job; the blood was running wild inside them, and I let them run a while. And then when I thinks it time to begin to straighten them out, I looks them over and finally decides on Archie Gillis as the drunkest and puts him to the wheel to soak it out while I went below to look over her papers.

And Archie stood to the wheel while up the cabin steps the rest of the gang passed him drinks of champagne when they thought I wasn't looking.

BY DARK of that Christmas we shot into Folly Cove in Placentia Bay and came to anchor off John Rose's wharf. And the Aurora's crew were there helping John, and there was the load of herring John had promised. And he thought I'd come for the herring, but I hadn't—not yet. I had a word in private with John, and he found a nice little place among the cliffs, and with John Rose and the Aurora's crew it didn't take long to stow those cases of wine where no stranger would find them in a hurry.

And when that was done I goes over the papers again. And sure enough, her papers read for a fishing trip to the Grand Banks. Her crew had been shipped for a fishing trip. Her gear, dories, bait (not much bait though) was all for a fishing trip. It was plain as could be, I had Miller under my lee. And so we put out again into the night, and before daylight we were back in Saint Pierre Harbor again, and all hands ashore.

And when Miller woke up in the morning there was the Aurora laying to anchor in the stream just where she'd been the morning before. And we were having a nice little breakfast up to Antone's when Miller and the Governor and the gunboat



## The Gift for the Man Who Loves a Pipe

A pound of his favorite tobacco—Prince Albert, "the joy smoke"—in the dandiest crystal glass humidor. Any man would like *that*.

The humidor has a glass lid, you know, with a hollow glass knob that holds a sponge to be moistened. That keeps the tobacco fresh and fragrant all the time. *His pleasure in this gift'll only begin with Christmas.* You'll be giving him just lots of long, cozy, comfy evenings, with his favorite pipe going and giving real pleasure. And he'll always have the humidor. It can be filled again and again.

This is the tobacco that's *so* fragrant. You don't mind a bit having him smoke it in the house. You rather like it, in fact. Prince Albert *never* leaves that stale, rankish odor that some tobaccos give a room.

Better order this humidor *now* from any tobacco or cigar store. 'Most all dealers have it now, but they'll be nearly all gone before Christmas.

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*the national joy smoke*

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## Aurora Borealis

(Concluded from page 37)

captain comes to get me. And Miller was going to arrest me, put me in irons, not a minute's delay, not one, and I says For what? And Miller throws up his hands and repeats: "For what? He says for what? Mong Doo, for what?" And I says: "Yes, for what? What are you going to arrest me for? For a little excursion trip, a little run off shore, is it?—so's to eat our Christmas turkey in peace?" I see that my play lay with the French naval officer, so I turns to him. "There was a turkey. Old Antone here will tell you that it belonged to one of my men, Mr. Leary here—that he won it fairly, and that the same turkey was stolen from him in Henri Argand's. And Mr. Leary got it back. And they would not let him have it in peace, and so, to escape mistreatment, we jumped aboard the first vessel we saw in the stream and put out the harbor. You yourself, doubtless, saw us." He nodded. "Your whole crew saw us. The whole harbor saw us. There was no concealment." I stopped for the French captain and the Governor to get that. Miller was looking at me goo-goo-eyed, but both the officials nodded and said: "That is true."

"And when we found ourselves safe out to sea, we had our dinner, our Christmas dinner—in the peace we had sought. And surely these gentlemen—I bowed my best to the gunboat captain and the magistrate—"do not consider that a crime—to ask to be allowed to eat our Christmas dinner in peace."

Miller was fair up in the air by then—"You pi-rates—pi-rates."

I LEAPS to my feet. "Pirates—to me? To these men? Simple honest fishermen who know only toil? Who toils harder than they? Pirates—to them! Why, if they were anything but the simplest and honestest set of men, they would have taken that vessel out of my hands and sold her—sold her in the States—and what could you or I or anybody have done about it? But did they—or I? No, sir. As soon as we had finished our Christmas dinner we brought her back."

"But the wine?" shrieks Miller.

"The wine—the wine—her cargo of wine."

"Wine? Cargo of wine—what's he talking about?" I looks at my crowd, and they all says: "Wine? Cargo of wine?—he's crazy."

I turns impatiently to the Governor and

French captain. "Gentlemen, this is a serious accusation, but easily settled. If there was wine in that vessel, surely her papers will say something of it. It will be on her manifest, that is certain."

Now these two, the Governor and the French naval officer, were honest men. "That is so," they said. "He is quite right—quite right," and looked at Miller, and Miller, with his eyes like door-knobs, looks at me. And I gives him a wink with my wind'ard eye and he near blew up.

BUT he begins to see a thing or two, so he goes off with the French officials, but before we had finished smoking our after-breakfast pipeful he comes back—alone now—and says: "What do you propose?" And I said: "Within a thousand miles of here is a friend of mine with a lot of wine—as good a lot as the *Aurora* had in her hold yesterday—maybe a couple of dozen quarts sly—you know, a Christmas dinner, and so on—and only last night my friend was figuring it up, and he thought there was twenty thousand dollars' worth in this lot of his, and that without figuring in the duty—but he don't care for wine much—but he does love a good vessel, and he was looking the *Aurora* over and he said he'd be willing to exchange all that wine for the *Aurora*. I told him that the *Aurora* only cost you twenty-five hundred, but he said, 'No matter, I have a weakness for the *Aurora*,' this friend of mine. Of course there'll be a few little extra expenses you'll have to pay for, like the hawser and the big anchor cut away and the keep of a crew for a week over in Newfoundland, and so on, but that won't be much—five hundred dollars ought to cover it all."

And Miller gave back the *Aurora* and paid over the five hundred, and I gave him an order on John Rose for the wine. And then I took the little baby's brooch out of my pocket and handed it back to him.

And then I sailed over to Placentia Bay in the *Aurora* and took twenty-one hundred barrels of herring off John Rose and put out, and, getting the first of a stiff easterly, the *Aurora* carried it all the way to Gloucester. And I was home to the wife and baby by New Year's. And the baby got a good brooch. I could afford it. From the profits of twenty-one hundred barrels of fine fat herring I could well afford it.

I haven't seen Miller since, but they say he's shyer than he used to be of simple American fishermen.

## The Christmas Pudding

(A Recipe)

By CARL WERNER

TAKE some human nature—as you find it,  
The commonest variety will do—

Put a little graciousness behind it,

Add a lump of charity—or two.

Squeeze in just a drop of moderation.

Half as much frugality—or less,

Add some very fine consideration,

Strain off all of poverty's distress.

Pour some milk of human kindness in it,

Put in all the happiness you can.

Stir it up with laughter every minute,

Season with good will toward every man.

Set it on the fire of heart's affection,

Leave it till the jolly-bubbles rise,

Sprinkle it with kisses—for confection,

Sweeten with a look from loving eyes.

Flavor it with children's merry chatter,

Frost it with the snow of wintry dells,

Place it on a holly-garnished platter [bells.

And serve it with the song of Christmas



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**THIS HAS BEEN DEMONSTRATED TIME AND AGAIN**

The Warner Auto-Meter is the reliable daily reminder—telling you what your car needs from day to day to keep it running smoothly—sweetly—powerfully at practically no upkeep cost.

A few drops of oil should be applied and Grease Cups given a half turn every *so many miles*. To drive the car farther without this regular attention means WEAR, and continued wear quickly means Big Repairs and a noisy, ice-wagon car.

Once a week or month won't do—the car is driven farther one time than another.

Larger quantities of oil or more grease don't help—for a bearing will hold just so much—no more.

The Warner Auto-Meter, always accurate, always reliable, and so durable that it will remain good as new during the life of many cars, is so designed that this systematic oversight is easy—a pleasure instead of a task.

## You need the Warner for other important duties

Those whose mileage without a cent for repairs is so remarkable as to seem overdrawn, and who have demonstrated that a car can be operated at *far less than the cost to keep a horse*, habitually use the Warner to know when to oil and grease—when to change the grease in transmission and differential—when to transpose the front and rear tires—when to look to connecting rod bearings and when to examine contact points on the coil—in a word, when to check up and adjust all the parts which wear or get out of adjustment through use.

It saves them big, round dollars to do this *beforehand* by Warner instead of waiting for the blowout, the knock, the pound, the squeak or the missing engine—which indicates that *the injury has been done*. The Warner way is the "stitch in time" way which catches trouble *BEFORE* it comes.

It keeps a car like new for years and years.

## On many 1912 cars you can secure a Warner as regular equipment

The most far-sighted dealers have forecast the fact that 1912 will be the beginning of the *QUALITY* era in the automobile industry, and are already equipping their 1912

cars with the Quality Warner. Other makers of good cars are waiting until the shows to see whether the ultimate in Quality will be expected in 1912 or if they can *safely wait until 1913* to make their cars complete with a High-Grade, Reliable Warner.

## They are not to be blamed for hesitating, for the Warner will add from \$10,000 to \$75,000 to the cost of their season's output

For it must be remembered that the Warner is a true instrument—always accurate—always reliable—and so well made that it will outlast any car that it is used on, no matter how high grade. Such supreme quality naturally costs more money than one-season indicators can be secured for. Yet the higher price is no bar to those who are sincere in their claims that nothing is too high in grade or too refined in construction to be used on their equally high-grade and refined cars.

## A car costing \$1,000 or more is not complete without a Warner Auto-Meter on it

So when deciding on your new car, don't be satisfied with the salesman's assertion that his car is equipped with "A Speed Indicator." That means that it is NOT Warner-equipped. The maker who uses a Warner has nothing to excuse or apologize for. It is BEST and *he knows it*, so he takes pride in pointing to the Warner as a proof of the *QUALITY POLICY* which maintains throughout the entire car.

## Even if you have to pay for it—don't be without a Quality Warner on your 1912 car.

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